

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Ninth Year of Issue

May, 1949

The State of the Press

► **FOUR RECENT INCIDENTS** across the country illustrate vividly what is happening to our newspapers. In Halifax, the *Chronicle* has been swallowed by its only competitor, the *Herald*. In Winnipeg, the co-operatively owned *Citizen* has failed. In Toronto, the *Evening Telegram* has been bought by the publisher of the only morning paper, the *Globe and Mail*; and the Conservative government of Ontario has made a law rendering illegal the ownership by a charitable foundation of the *Liberal Toronto Star*.

In these days, it takes a lot of money to found, buy, or operate a daily newspaper. The cost of plant is tremendous. Membership in the great news-gathering agencies, indispensable if a paper is to do its job adequately, is prohibitive for a new venture which is not backed by enormous wealth. The consequent limitation on the freedom of the press is obvious, and need not be elaborated here. The difficulty, under these conditions, of disinterested reporting, responsible selection of news, and intelligent editorial comment can best be gathered from a thorough reading of any issue of almost any daily.

Many people see this but despair of finding a solution. Few seriously recommend a state-owned press; and most of us still think in terms of a static opposition between the government ownership and private enterprise guided by the profit motive. There is no need to resign ourselves to either for our newspapers. Ownership by private non-profit trusts is quite practicable, and the two most distinguished British newspapers are so owned. Nor is there any inherent reason why newspapers should not be run as consumer co-operatives, despite the failure of two Canadian experiments in this

form—the *Vancouver News-Herald* and now the *Winnipeg Citizen*.

Those who hope for some such solution—one which cannot possibly be achieved by Act of Parliament, that universal panacea of political reformers—will therefore be eager to encourage on all occasions the small paper as against the large, the singly-owned paper as against the chain, the non-profit and the co-op paper as against the paper run as a business, and a multiplicity of papers in one community as against local monopoly by one publisher.

In the light of these preferences, let us recapitulate our list of recent incidents: a paper has been absorbed by its only competitor; of the three papers in our second largest city, one is now owned by the publisher of another, and the ownership of the third by a charitable trust has been outlawed by the legislature.

On the Ontario Charitable Gifts Act (the McCullagh Relief Act, as it has been called in honor of the resourceful competitor of the *Star*) enough has been written to fill several issues of the *Star*—as indeed it has. Little need be added. If it had not been brazenly and solely aimed at the government's bitterest opponent, the bill might have been worthy of serious consideration. It provides that not more than ten per cent of the stock in a business can be owned by the charitable foundation. In introducing the bill,



ALL ALONE IN A TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD

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the Provincial Treasurer gave as its main object the prevention of the use of charity as a means of evading succession duties. Probably Mr. Joseph Atkinson, the founder of the *Star*, had this consideration very much in mind when he set up the Atkinson Foundation and bequeathed his newspaper to it. That, however, does not necessarily invalidate the charitable work which the foundation may do. The Treasurer, with unwonted liberalism, said that "one of the effects of succession duties is constantly to break up economic concentration of wealth and force distribution and sale, with the result that the assets of estates are constantly changing hands". That is doubtless so. It is perhaps not inconsistent with this that succession duties should also result in the creation of new charities and of non-profit businesses (even though these may involve comfortable salaries for the testator's relations). But the Treasurer gives as the corollary that the bill will prevent the "unfair" competition of non-profit enterprises with companies which are obliged to think of dividends. That is, the government of Ontario is opposed to disinterested public service where it may prove more effective than the profit incentive in meeting the demands of consumers.

It is true that the *Star* is not a good newspaper, though, perhaps significantly, it is the biggest in Canada. It has taken the enlightened side of most issues, but has served its

causes with a boisterous rejection of the most elementary journalistic ethics. The *Star* has never relied on its rather weak editorials to present its point of view. Its opinions frankly color its news columns and its picture captions, and govern its selection of news. When it really takes an issue to its heart it will gaily relegate all other news to the odd corners of its pages, or to limbo. It also combines militant puritan doctrine with a heavy emphasis on news of the more lurid types of murder, perversion, and other vices. Possibly, if it is finally hanged, drawn, and quartered by the political friends of its rival, it may under its new ownership come to use its immense power more soberly. Meanwhile, the McCullagh *Telegram* is seeking to outdo the *Star* in sensationalism, while the *Globe and Mail* continues as before with its suavely slanted front page and its savage editorials. Toronto is notably ill served by its press.

The other incidents we have mentioned scarcely need further comment. But it must be said that in a healthy journalistic community the *Halifax Chronicle* and the *Winnipeg Citizen* would have survived. As it was, the *Citizen* could not become a really good paper since it could not afford to buy the news services which a daily ought to have. If the Canadian Press, the co-operative news service of the dailies of Canada, really served the interests of the press as a whole, it would have been concerned to assist the *Citizen* and would have found some way to do so. But at present the newspapers which own the Canadian Press are more interested in eliminating competitors than in working for the welfare of their profession.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 4, No. 44, May, 1924, *The Canadian Forum*.

The Easter session of the Ontario Educational Association has run, or crawled, its usual course, to the usual accompaniment of apathy and disillusion . . . The teachers are, or should be, the mental élite of a community, full of zest for life and for their subjects of study and tuition. But the Ontario system of education . . . has so fettered and overworked the teacher that his initiative has withered with unnatural disuse like a fakir's hand . . . He teaches his subject but does not study it. The Easter conference demonstrates this annually . . .

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

DR. ALBERT ROSE is assistant professor of social work with the School for Social Work, University of Toronto . . . MRS. ALISON HOPWOOD is co-author of *Rents for Regent Park* . . . JOHN NICOL, whose fourth article on the Sub-Arctic appears in this issue, is with the Department of Transport, Coral Harbour, Southampton Island, N.W.T. . . . RAM SINGH, of Delhi, India, attended the first conference of the World Federation of Trade Unions in Paris in 1945 . . . W. E. GREENING, of Montreal, contributed an article, "Labor Strife at Lake St. John" to our issue of August, 1948 . . . W. R. TROST lives in Halifax, N.S.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Germany's Challenge to the West

Accomplished at last—three-power agreement on Western Germany! Indeed the Atlantic Pact necessitated such an agreement, for in the face of its grandiose purposes, continued disagreement among the United States, Great Britain and France over Western Europe's most perplexing problem would have been a source of acute embarrassment.

But the Occupation Statute only just begins to solve the problem of Germany. It merges the three zones into one unit, defines the field of German self-government for at least the next eighteen months, and looks to civilian rather than military control. Yet the limitations it places upon German self-government and the decentralized state it envisages have so alienated the German Social Democrats that the completion of the constitution upon which the West German state is to be based has again been delayed.

Western policy toward German self-government has been unhappily contradictory. The parties at Bonn, encouraged by visions of independence, have discovered that their constitution must meet with the complete approval of the occupying powers, that their efforts have amounted to little more than saving the victors the trouble of writing a constitution themselves. Perhaps this Allied cautiousness is justified, but the psychological approach has been most unfortunate. For while offering independence they at the same time reveal themselves as still the victorious occupying powers. The result has been increased tension and resentment, apathy and doubt among the German parties and people.

This inconsistency is due largely to past disagreements among the three Western powers. This in turn has been centred in the attitude of the French. It is hoped that the agreement that has been reached can be maintained, that the Germans will be given a definite framework within which to act, that they will accept present limitations until they have proved themselves, in return for consistency of policy on the part of the occupying powers. Otherwise the moral chaos that is Germany today will remain a cancer in Western Europe.

A report completed by officials of the U.S. Military Government late in 1948 states: "The same political atmosphere is being created in Germany today from which, finally, such developments as Nazism have sprung." Unless this trend is somehow checked the cause of the West is indeed endangered. The solution lies in firmness and clarity of policy, the outlawing of groups that truck with militarism and racialism, the encouragement of labor, the clamping down on ruthless profiteering and corruption, the institution of needed reforms.

The great challenge which is facing the Western powers today, and which is heightened by the military and strategic emphasis of the Atlantic Pact, is the combating of communism without at the same time encouraging extreme right wing and fascist power in countries such as Germany. The strength of the West must be rebuilt, but it must be rebuilt within a moral and social framework that will not alienate liberal opinion throughout the western world, which will banish those insecurities and doubts that, if prevalent in society, will drive it to extremes and the denial of human rights.

British Ballots and the Budget

"We have to face our economic and financial problems with realism, and must not allow ourselves to be carried away by the quite understandable desire to court electoral popularity . . . We have therefore to face the fact that as long as the defense forces and social services are maintained—whatever government is in power—a very high rate of taxation will continue to be necessary." In these words Sir Stafford Cripps revealed the basic factors behind Britain's new budget. They show clearly the courage and honesty of the Labor Government and will help the intelligent voter to accept the unpleasant budget.

Skimpy tax relief and higher food prices are the main features of the budget and the voters' immediate reaction to it became evident when the results of the County Council elections were announced. The Labor Party lost heavily and the Conservatives gained. This fact has been interpreted here as an unmistakable sign that the Labor Party will not be returned in the 1950 general election.

A superficial analysis indicates that this view is correct, but a closer study of conditions shows that there are many factors which make it likely that Mr. Attlee's government will be re-elected. The Labor Party's program for 1950-1955, which will be discussed in detail at the Party's June conference, envisages a five-year plan of consolidation and extension of its present activities. Further nationalization is to cover certain sections of the chemistry and the whole of the cement industry, the water supply, suitable mineral deposits, sugar manufacturing and refining, and the very important industrial insurance companies and societies. The government is to launch new enterprises whenever this is desirable and, if elected, will provide building equipment and loans for small industries, and will buy consumer goods and sell them to the public at cheap rates.

This program, when officially adopted by the Party, will make a much more definite and creative platform than that of the Conservatives. The maturity of the British voter has often been underestimated. It is more than likely that when the immediate disappointment with the present budget passes, the moral courage and realism of Sir Stafford will appeal to the electorate's political wisdom as well as to its sense of fair play.

County Council elections in Great Britain are not sure signs of the country's temper. As in Canada, many people do not vote for the same party in both Federal and Provincial elections, so in Great Britain local issues affect County Council elections. They also serve as a medium for the voter to show his criticism of the government without seriously affecting the general administration of the country. The recent elections are a set-back for the government, but they are by no means a certain indication of its demise.

Canada's Opportunity

In early April the United States Joint Congressional Committee on Foreign Economic Co-operation was presented a report on Greece by its counsel, Mr. Louis E. Wyman, who had just completed an extensive survey in that country. Mr. Wyman denounced the Greek Government as incompetent, reactionary, and obstructive. He reported the direst need

and poverty among the great number of the Greek people. He stated: "It is important to understand that in this impoverished country, American capitalism and unrestricted private enterprise are not alone the answer."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Wyman still believes that unrestricted private enterprise can be part of the answer. Yet his report represents a step forward in American thinking and it is to be hoped that the "watchdog" committee pricks up its ears.

The American emphasis upon power and profit as weapons in the cold war is a dangerous one. Now that Canada, as a member of the Atlantic Pact, has been granted full rights of participation in western policy it is hoped that they will point out to the Americans the unrealities of their economic outlook when applied to large parts of the earth. Our leaders have hailed the Atlantic Pact as much more than a military instrument. Their policy has emphasized its social and economic possibilities. May they keep this viewpoint consistently before Western councils.

The Great White Way

Every once in a while we are driven to the conclusion that Canadians are no better than anyone else and are, on the whole, a lot worse than they ought to be if they are to be a factor in building the good community. A case in point is the Dresden plebiscite (temporarily postponed) where citizens are to be asked to vote on whether or not they approve of the town council's passing a by-law to restrain restaurant operators in the matter of refusing to serve Negroes.

Dresden is an Ontario town with a population of 2,000 people, 300 of whom are Negroes. Its claim to historical significance is that it was the end of the underground for escaping Negro slaves. It became the home of the Rev. Josiah Henson, who was made immortal by Harriet Beecher Stowe as Uncle Tom. Here he established an institute for runaway slaves with a grant of 300 acres of land from Queen Victoria and funds donated by sympathetic citizens. Today, 66 years after his death, his descendants are being victimized in a way that has at least the tacit approval of a large cross-section of Canadian opinion.

Regardless of the outcome of the plebiscite, and whether or not a municipal council could pass such a by-law, only harm can come to the community through this preposterous attempt at a solution. Inflamed public feeling between the two groups is bound to result, and the seeds of violence and hate will be germinated even if actual violence does not occur. Today, everyone with a flair for what is the "right" thing for progressives to think, is against racial intolerance in the same way that most people are against sin, but racial intolerance which keeps cropping up in "our way of life" will continue until the community as a whole ceases to accept the precept of racial inferiority, and only the lunatic fringe have hemorrhages over intermarriage. To this end anthropologists and other informed people will have to continue their weary job of pointing out the nonsense of the race myth. Meanwhile, it seems curious that a Canadian municipal council has managed to make Queen Victoria look like a radical.

TCA

Trans Canada Airlines, a crown corporation, is providing a service which compares favorably with privately-owned companies in other countries. However, with government agencies there is always the danger of interference in their efficient operation by sectional selfishness and political expediency.

This is well demonstrated by the recent tempest-in-a-teapot over the proposed move of some 150 TCA employees from Winnipeg to Montreal. When first organized as a trans-continental airline ten years ago, the logical centre of operations was Winnipeg. Since that time transatlantic, Caribbean and American routes have been added, and the weight of operations has moved eastward until the logical centre would now be Toronto or Montreal. Although the move involves only a small percentage of TCA's Winnipeg employees (or Winnipeg's population) a great local clamor has been raised to have the move cancelled. The proposition that the change might lead to a more economic operation of the system has not been considered. Winnipeg assumes that it is simply an arbitrary and sinister plot to affront its dignity and favor the East.

TCA showed a deficit last year of several million dollars which, in the end, will be paid by all Canadian taxpayers. In fairness to those not residing in Winnipeg we suggest that an estimate be made of the yearly cost of leaving these employees in Winnipeg. Then the Winnipeg taxpayers can be offered the alternative of subsidizing the airline to that extent.

Canadian Pacific Air Lines are moving their base of operations from Winnipeg to Vancouver, since they are starting a transpacific service. Not a murmur of protest has been aroused.

Naval Mutiny

The outbreak of trouble on board the Canadian "fleet" during southern manoeuvres may have been more serious than newspaper accounts would indicate. The navy, being the silent service, is very loth to confide in the press.

According to naval law any man can request to see the Captain to state a grievance. It is left to the Captain's discretion to decide whether the request is frivolous or to take remedial action. There are penalties for making frivolous requests. But should two men, or more, agree to protest jointly they are guilty of mutiny and the consequences are most dire.

All naval ratings know this, and the grievance in this case must have been extraordinary to arouse such action. Present military law is anachronistic in a liberal and democratic country. The peacetime armed services offer rates of pay equivalent to industry and a security not found elsewhere. Yet they find difficulty in enlisting sufficient men to bring the forces up to full strength. Apparently young Canadians prefer personal liberty to a security which involves regimentation.

Thumbprints

Mr. Winter's answer to Mr. Coldwell's question in the Commons, about the government's much publicized (in 1945) "shelf" of public works projects to be put into effect in the event of large-scale unemployment, revealed that the projects for which plans and specifications are completed would provide employment for 17,000 workers in six months, and only for 5,000 in one year. This lack of preparedness surprised the opposition, but C. D. Howe summed up the reaction when he said, apparently to himself, "There is something wrong with the answer." He probably did not know how right he was.

* * * *

The Canadian Forum has received a letter, unfortunately too long to print in full, from a group of Canadian students at Columbia University protesting the irresponsible way in which Mrs. Barker Fairley and Mr. John Goss were removed

from the banquet of the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace and sent back to Canada. They say: "It seems logical . . . that the American government, intent on discrediting the Conference, picked on Canadian nationals for questioning and speedy expulsion because it assumed that the government of a small neighboring power, traditionally friendly to the United States, would be reluctant to object to such treatment of its citizens." In other words, Canada is behind the democratic iron curtain, under military occupation by the United States, and if American authorities choose to insult our national status there is not much we can do about it.

Taft-Hartleyism in Quebec

W. E. Greening

► THE LONG-CONTINUED WARFARE between the Union Nationale administration of Maurice Duplessis and the labor unions of the province of Quebec has finally reached a climax with the introduction by the Quebec premier into the Quebec legislature in January, 1949, of the outline of a new provincial labor code whose aim, according to its sponsor, is the ridding of Quebec labor unions of Communists and communist sympathizers. This piece of legislation, in its present form, is undoubtedly the worst blow ever aimed by any government in Canada against free and democratic trade unionism. Its enactment would set back the progress of the labor movement in the province of Quebec at least twenty-five years.

The clauses of the code which aroused the most objection among local union officials and labor leaders were the ones dealing with communist or socialist membership in labor unions. In this connection, the Code, in its present form, says specifically:

"No person can be an officer or a representative of an association of employers or employees:

A—If he is a member of a Communist or Marxist organization or of a party recognized as such.

B—If he supports such an organization, movement, or party or co-operates in any manner whatsoever with them in pursuit of their aims.

C—If he is notoriously known to be a follower, preacher, or propagandist of the Communist or Marxist doctrine.

D—If he approves of, or advocates, the subversion, or change of established order, of any government institution by means of force, violence, terrorism, or sabotage, or other illegal or unconstitutional means.

E—If he is a member of an organization or a movement pursuing the ends mentioned in the above paragraph or supports an organization or co-operates therewith."

According to the proposed terms of the Code, a union having officials of this type and holding these views cannot be certified by the Quebec Labor Relations Board as the collective representative of the employees with respect to a collective agreement, a conciliation, an arbitration or a dispute of any other purpose mentioned in the labor code.

Under these clauses, as it is almost needless to point out, a large number of unions operating in the province of Quebec and affiliated with the Trades and Labor Congress and the Canadian Congress of Labor would be deprived of certification rights by the provincial authorities and their officials would be debarred from holding office. It would also bar the progress of the CCF among labor organizations in the province since undoubtedly this party would come under the category of organizations classed as subversive in the Code. Mr. Duplessis has made it abundantly clear in the

course of many public utterances that he and his government regard the CCF as a revolutionary political group and that he sees little if any distinction between its aims and those of the Labor-Progressive Party. Not only is this so, but the task of determining which unions have subversive aims and communist officials would be left to the tender consideration of the Quebec Labor Relations Board, in the eyes of whose present members any union official advocating even the mildest form of government ownership and state control is automatically a Communist.

This is but the most striking of many clauses in the Code which are objectionable to Quebec labor officials. Clause No. 4 says:

"Every employee has the right to be a member of an association (union) and to participate in its lawful activities and to cease to be a member thereof whenever he so desires. No employee can be compelled to belong to an association to which he does not wish to belong."

According to union officials, this clause could be interpreted as invalidating all union security and maintenance of membership clauses in force in collective agreements in the province and could be used by Quebec employers as the instrument for the waging of a large-scale, anti-union and open-shop campaign.

The powers of the Quebec Labor Relations Board over local unions are strengthened in such a way as to make this body quasi-dictatorial. This is a direct slap in the face at the international unions in Quebec as many of them, especially ones affiliated with the Canadian Congress of Labor, have had a great deal of trouble with the Board recently in getting certified and in getting agreements renewed. The situation has become so bad that the provincial federation of the Canadian Congress of Labor has recently launched a movement for the modification of the membership of the Board in such a way that it will represent to a greater extent the interests of the workers and the union members and not solely those of the Quebec employers and their staunch ally, Maurice Duplessis. The code also attempts to check the progress of union organization among civic employees by banning the affiliation of municipal, police, and firemen's organizations with outside labor organizations.

Almost the minute that the proposed terms of this Code were made public by the provincial government, a wave of protest came forth from all the labor organizations of the province irrespective of affiliation. Indeed this measure has aroused more widespread popular indignation and opposition than any bill introduced by Duplessis since 1944. This protest has not been confined to the province of Quebec but has been nation-wide in scope. Both the Trades and Labor Congress and the Canadian Congress of Labor have been unanimous in condemning the Code *in toto*.

The public statement on this subject of the Canadian Congress of Labor has been typical of the general drift of labor opinion: "The proposed legislation is dangerous in the sense that it constitutes an employers' dream. Even the most reactionary employer had never been optimistic enough to hope that any legislature or any branch of government would set up a mechanism of this type for the protection of employers."

"The proposed legislation is negative in that it attempts to stifle and prevent the development of the labor movement and positive in that it helps employers to do so. It is class legislation of the rankest kind in that acting as an agent of the employers, the government undertakes to regulate the internal affairs of labor unions while the internal affairs of employers and their associations go untouched."

Almost immediately, in a mass meeting in Montreal, the

Canadian Congress of Labor unions in the province of Quebec decided to reject the Code as a whole, terming it a complete negation of the democratic rights of the working man. The Provincial Federation of the Trades and Labor Congress passed a resolution claiming that the "so-called labor code fails to provide equal justice under the law and gives the Quebec Labor Relations Board the arbitrary power to persecute union officials on mere suspicion." The reaction of Gerard Picard, the president of the Canadian and Catholic Federation of Labor, was very similar. In a public statement, he claimed that the Code was an anti-union and anti-progressive measure and that in its present form it represented a retrogression of nearly a quarter of a century in the labor legislation of the province of Quebec.

Even the higher Catholic authorities were apparently dubious about the efficacy of the Code as a means of promoting social justice and social peace. The Ecclesiastical Commission on Social Studies which studies the problems of labor relations in regard to the social doctrine of the Catholic Church issued a memorandum concerning the Code in which it said that the project did not meet all the existing requirements of social justice.

The Quebec unions did not confine their campaign against the Code to verbal protests. All the three labor federations in the province—the Canadian Congress of Labor, the Trades and Labor Congress, and the Catholic Federation of Labor—have come together in a common coalition to fight the passage of the bill through the Quebec Legislature. They formed a Joint Conference of Organized Labor in the province of Quebec whose member unions include nearly 250,000 workers. This group sent a telegram to Duplessis in which it said that the Conference was opposed to the Bill because it endangered the basic rights of organized labor and their organizational security and because it rendered illegal the collective agreements of nearly sixteen hundred unions. This statement further proposed that the Superior Council of Labor of the province of Quebec be asked to prepare a new labor code in harmony with the suggestions made by organized labor in the province. It further suggested that the Quebec Labor Relations Board be reformed in such a manner as to correspond with the interests of organized labor. Duplessis and his ministers, seeing the unexpected wave of popular hostility that these proposals had created, began to back water hastily. Barrette, the Minister of Labor, stated publicly that the bill was only a project and would be subject to revision at the suggestion of Quebec labor organizations and other bodies. Finally on February 2, Duplessis announced that it was the intention of the government to postpone action on the Code until the opening of the 1950 session of the Quebec Legislature.

However, Duplessis has attempted to smuggle various objectionable features of the Code on the Quebec statute books in other forms. A bill has been introduced into the Quebec Legislature concerning the collective agreements between municipal and school bodies and their employees. This bill removes conciliation machinery in disputes between municipal boards and employees and substitutes in its stead compulsory arbitration. The bill would practically eliminate collective bargaining among civic and school employees in the province of Quebec by creating permanent boards which would be appointed by the provincial government.

The same groups which registered such a vehement protest against the labor code again joined hands in a united front against this new bill. In the city of Montreal, members of the teaching profession and municipal employees who had membership in unions affiliated with the Canadian Congress of Labor, the Trades and Labor Congress, and the Canadian and Catholic Federation of Labor joined in a

collective protest against the measure and asked the provincial government that the passage of the bill be postponed until amendments to a number of objectionable clauses be made.

One of the most encouraging things about this whole affair from the standpoint of the Quebec labor movement as a whole has been the unity of the stand taken by all three labor federations of the province. As is well known, in the past, the Catholic Federation of Labor has been far apart from the Trades and Labor Congress and the Canadian Congress of Labor in its aims and objectives and this cleavage has greatly retarded the evolution of a strong unified and self-reliant labor movement in the province of Quebec. In framing the labor code, Duplessis obviously counted on keeping the support or at least the neutrality of the Catholic Federation of Labor. In the past both the Union Nationale Administration and the Quebec Labor Relations Board in many disputes have tended to favor the Catholic syndicates at the expense of the international unions. Gerard Picard's stand in support of the other two federations in opposition to the bill must have been a grievous disappointment to them. His irritation with the Catholic Federation of Labor is reflected in recent statements which he made in the Quebec Legislature in which he branded certain of the leaders of the Catholic unions as saboteurs. During the same debate, Barrette, the minister of labor, said that the mentality in certain sections of the Catholic syndicates was similar to that which had existed in the CIO in the early days.

This unexpected stand on the part of the Catholic Federation of Labor seems to indicate that the extreme nationalist clerical wing within the Federation which has blocked all gestures of friendship toward the other two federations in the past is losing some ground to the more liberal group which favors united action of all labor groups in the province of Quebec for the general advancement of the interest of all Quebec workers irrespective of race or creed. This alliance may have important results in the future if it endures. At any rate, Duplessis seems to have made his most serious political blunder since he returned to office in the summer of 1944—a blunder which may cost him dearly in labor votes in the next Quebec provincial election.

Canada's Pocket Boroughs

Larry Rogers

► CANADIANS HAVE BEEN LEAVING the farm and going to the big city for fifty years or so—but our federal voting set-up has never yet been adjusted to this trend. In the last federal election one-third of the registered voters were privileged to elect a majority in the House of Commons—thanks to this time-lag in our voting system. A vote in a city of over 50,000, or in an industrial area, in 1945 had only about one-third the value of a vote in the typical small rural riding of Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritimes. This undemocratic situation will be even worse in the next federal election, unless the Liberal government wipes out at least forty of these pocket boroughs, and transfers their members to newly-created metropolitan and industrial constituencies. (This could—but likely won't—be done in the redistribution of seats that is required before the next vote.)

The manner in which the federal ridings are "stacked" to favor the eastern rural vote can best be seen if you divide the total of eligible voters in 1945 into three equal groups, one containing all the "small" ridings, one containing the "big" ridings, and one made up of normal-sized

ridings. Each group then contains approximately 2,300,000 registered voters—one-third of the 6,900,000 voters who were eligible to cast ballots in the 1945 federal vote.

With their one-third of the vote, the rural voters in the "small" ridings, in 1945 were privileged to elect 123 members (a majority of the 245-member House). City and industrial-area voters, on the other hand, could send to Ottawa only 46 members to represent them—less than one-fifth of the House—with their one-third of the votes. The 123 "small" ridings showed voters' lists ranging from 3,445 to 24,118—averaging 18,775. The "big" riding voters' lists ranged from 40,852 to 69,826, averaging 49,840.

Not all the "small" ridings are pocket boroughs, of course. Some of them are frontier districts like the Yukon which are so thinly populated that any reasonable geographic boundaries for the riding will enclose very few voters. Others lie on the northern fringes of Ontario, in the still-growing western provinces, or in the newly-developing sections of Quebec and New Brunswick. There is always the likelihood that time and progress will increase the vote totals in these expanding areas.

But there are at least forty pocket boroughs whose existence cannot be justified on any grounds other than reverence for the past. A riding like Glengarry, for example, where a voter has almost seven times the power of a voter in nearby Ottawa East, will likely never have many more than its 10,700 eligible voters of 1945 in its boundaries, and may well have less as the farm-to-city trend continues. All nine eastern Ontario rural ridings did not have as many names on their combined voters lists as had the three Yorks, East, West, and South, which take in Toronto's suburbs, in 1945. There were twelve other rural ridings elsewhere in Old Ontario in 1945, with between thirteen and nineteen thousand registered voters, that could be classed as pocket boroughs. All four Prince Edward Island ridings numbered fewer voters than any one of the twelve largest federal ridings. Similar situations can be found in Nova Scotia, where three ridings with a total eligible vote only slightly above that of Cape Breton South form a *cordon sanitaire* around that CCF strong point; New Brunswick, where the two ridings containing St. John and Moncton had more listed voters than the five smallest ridings in the province; Quebec, where metropolitan Montreal's 725,000 eligible voters, 40 per cent of the province's total, elected only 16 of the 65 Quebec federal members—no more than did 265,000 voters in 16 southern Quebec pocket boroughs.

When these pocket boroughs are merged with their neighbors, and their seats allotted to new constituencies formed by splitting up "big" ridings in our growing cities and industrial areas, we will—for the first time in many years—have a House of Commons that is truly representative of the Canadian people.

Redistribution on a large scale would have tremendous political possibilities—since the pocket borough seems to be the last centre of old-line party loyalty, while the big city and the industrial area seem likely to be the CCF strongholds of coming elections. Obtaining a democratic redistribution would seem to be as important an objective today as gaining eastern farm voting support.

Canadian newspapers give sparse and reluctant coverage to the social struggles in Latin America. The Canadian Forum presents an account of one of the greatest liberal leaders of the Western Hemisphere.

Haya de la Torre Hides Again

Robert J. Alexander

► VICTOR RAUL HAYA DE LA TORRE has spent twenty-one of the last twenty-five years either in hiding, in exile, or in prison. Once more, with the loss of another in the long series of battles for democracy and social justice in his country, Haya, one of Latin America's greatest democrats and the leader of Peru's famous Aprista party, is in hiding.

Haya de la Torre was born in the northern Peruvian city of Trujillo, the son of a well-known "Civilita"—extremely conservative—politician. His early years probably did not differ from those of the average son of a well-to-do and ancient family of the Peruvian provinces, except that Victor Raul was more studious than most.

In 1915 he went to Lima to go to the University. After a year in Lima, he transferred to the University of Cuzco. It was there that his imagination was first caught by the Indians of Peru, and he first began to mull over the ideas which in later years led him into exile and great political influence. Haya de la Torre was impressed by the great history which the Indians of Peru had had, and at the same time he was profoundly depressed by the degraded state into which the descendants of the proud Incas had fallen. He felt that the first great need was to educate these Indians, while at the same time trying to drive away the inferiority complex which four centuries of oppression had bred and permit the modern Incas to construct once more a flourishing civilization of their own, a civilization of the modern world.

Back in Lima at the University once more, Victor Raul read much and became more and more interested in the social problems of his country. His first opportunity to do something concrete about them came in January, 1919. At that time there was in Lima a general movement among the workers to obtain an eight-hour day in place of the ten, twelve, and fourteen hours a day which it was then customary for the workers to labor. This movement began with strikes in textile plants, but soon took on the proportions of a general walkout. The workers felt the need for contact with other and better educated groups, and for this reason they sent an invitation to the Federation of Students to send three delegates to the general strike committee. One of these delegates, and the one who quickly took a prominent position in the whole movement, was Victor Raul Haya de la Torre.

With the victory of the movement for the eight-hour day, the reputation of the young student Haya de la Torre stood high. A few days after the end of the general strike, Haya called together the leaders of the textile unions in Lima and Callao, and these unions formed the Federación Textil, which continues to exist to this day, and is perhaps the strongest unit in the labor movement of Peru.

A few months later the congress of the Students' Federation passed a resolution proposed by the same Haya de la Torre, providing for the establishment by the students of a series of "Popular Universities" or adult education groups among the workers. So on January 21, 1921, Victor Raul, as president of the Students' Federation, opened the first Popular University in the headquarters of the Federación. In this "University" were taught courses in sciences, arts, letters, Spanish, history, and perhaps most important of all, hygiene. In the succeeding three years similar institutions were organized in Vitarte, Trujillo, Huacho, Jauja, Are-

quipa, Cuzco, and Uzquil, while the police broke up with rifle fire an attempt to found one in Callao. At first the universities were not very well received among the workers and had but scanty attendance. However, through persistent work of Haya and his associates, and the change of the name to "Universidad Popular Gonzalez Prada" after an old anarchist leader revered by the workers, these schools came to have more and more support among the workers. The result, so far as Haya was concerned, was that he came to have a leading position not only in workers' education, but in all the activities of the working-class of Lima and the neighboring cities.

In May, 1923, the then dictator-president Augusto B. Leguia sought to strengthen his regime by dedicating Peru to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This was considered by many to be an open violation of freedom of worship, and resulted in a great ferment among the workers and students. This culminated in a public demonstration on May 23 which was attacked by police and in which one worker and one student were killed. The death of one member of each group symbolized the alliance between the laboring class and the intellectuals, and became the base on which Apra was later founded. As a result of this demonstration, Haya de la Torre, its leader, was arrested. He was sent to a penal colony, where he promptly went on a hunger strike which was backed up in Lima by a three-day general strike by the workers. As a result, rather than have Haya die on their hands, the government shipped him off to exile in Panama. Haya sent back to the workers and students of Lima the following message: "I shall come back in due time. I shall return when the great social upheaval comes." His predictions came true and he did return when in 1930 President Leguia was overthrown.

Meanwhile, however, Haya spent nearly eight years in exile. He travelled widely, spending time in Great Britain, in France, Germany, Russia, the U.S., and Mexico, and spending shorter amounts of time in most of the other countries of Europe and America. During this period he came into contact with leaders of most of the important social movements of the time, including both Communism and Nazism, but he rejected all of these philosophies as not suitable to the American and specifically to the Peruvian scene.

In 1924 before going to Europe, Haya had formed with a small group of Peruvian students then in Mexico, the *Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana* (Apra). He conceived of this as an alliance of all groups in Latin America who sought the economic and political independence of the Latin countries of the hemisphere. The Apra in its inception didn't have any dogma of its own, and had friendly relations with the Communists. For instance, Haya de la Torre himself spent some time in Russia where he talked with most of the important figures of the Soviet regime at that time. He attended the anti-Imperialist Congress in Brussels in 1928, which was sponsored by the Communists. But at that Congress, Haya showed his divergence from the gentlemen of the Comintern, maintaining that the Communist doctrine as preached by the C.I. was not suitable to America, and that a new approach was needed. A few months later, in Peru and outside of it, there came a definite break between the Communists and Apra, a break which has got wider with the years.

Meanwhile, in 1930, Dictator Leguia was overthrown and in 1931 Haya returned in triumph. Then began a short but hectic period of organization of the *Partido Aprista Peruano*. The workers and students who had acted with Haya in the early 1920's had kept his name fresh, and when he returned to the country he was greeted with great enthusiasm. And

he and other leaders of the Apra—intellectuals and workers—such as Luis Alberto Sanchez, Manuel Seoane, Magda Portal, the famous poet; Arturo Sabroso, leader of the textile workers, and others, toured the country, preaching the gospel of political democracy, of social change, of nationalism, and of anti-imperialism which was the Aprista program. In a few short months the Aprista party gained the loyalty of a large part of the Peruvian masses, a loyalty which has continued and increased with time.

However, this period of freedom for Apra lasted but a few short months; at the end of 1931 the Aprista deputies were thrown out of parliament—twenty odd had been elected in the 1931 poll—and the party was made illegal. Haya was arrested and spent a year in jail. Then followed a period of intense persecution of Apra, highlighted by a full-fledged revolt of Apristas in Trujillo and culminating in the assassination of President Sanchez Cerro himself by an Aprista in 1933. The death of Sanchez Cerro was followed by another short period of democracy, the reopening of parliament, and another period of intense Aprista propaganda. Haya was released from prison, and was once more the idol of the masses, particularly in Lima.

But in 1934 liberty was again curtailed; the Aprista legislators were unseated, and once more most of the Aprista leaders were jailed or went into exile. Haya himself went into hiding, where he remained for the next eleven years. He lived near Lima during all of this time, and though the police were constantly on the lookout for him, and occasionally discovered his hideout, they never were able to lay their hands on him. He was protected by a small but intensely loyal group of followers who would give their lives—and some of them actually were called upon to do so—to defend the leader of Aprismo.

The reputation of Haya increased with the years, and he became a legend among the people of Peru. And the Apra Party itself remained very much alive. Organized in the central committee of the party, the Aprista leaders formed a sort of cabinet, with secretaries of defence, finance, labor, agriculture, Indian affairs, etc., and with Haya as Prime Minister or President. This committee met frequently, and in 1942 and 1944 even held party conferences up in the mountains, with attendance of several hundred delegates. So good was the organization of the party that although Haya was in hiding he frequently received letters with no more address than "Lima, Peru."

During all of these long years, Haya gained his living as a journalist and writer. He is the author of a number of books which have sold widely throughout Latin America, and he received royalties from these books and from constant articles which he sent to the press of most of the principal Spanish-speaking countries of America. He lived modestly but not in intense poverty, and lived by the work of his own hand and brain. Later he was quite proud of the fact that during this period of intense persecution he should still be able to earn his own living.

In these articles and books Haya developed the theoretical and practical program of Apra. In the face of the good neighbor policy on the one hand and the rise of totalitarianism in Europe and Asia on the other, the Apristas modified their previous anti-U.S. attitude. The position of Apra as expressed by Haya from 1938 on was that the Latin countries should group themselves in an economic and political union which would be able to deal on more or less equal terms with the United States, and that then the U.S. and Indoamerica—as he calls the countries south of the Rio Grande—should be united in an Inter-American Union. He and other Apristas maintained the position of Apra that the social theories of

Europe are not appropriate for Indoamerica and that the countries of this continent must develop programs of their own, based on industrialization, education, and political, economic and social democracy.

The end of the long period of illegality came in 1945 when for the first time in many years the Apra was made legal, under the name of Partido del Pueblo—People's Party. The Partido del Pueblo was legalized on May 15, 1945, and on May 20 Apra held its first public demonstration. A quarter of a million people jammed the great Plaza San Martin to listen to Haya for the first time in eleven years. The fervor of the listeners was such as has seldom been seen in Peru or any other country, but in spite of it, the crowd listened for an hour and a half to the words of "El Jefe"—Haya de la Torre—in a silence that was almost overpowering. And when Haya finished his speech by asking the crowd if it was ready to lead Peru down the democratic path, if it was ready to follow Aprismo "to death," if it was ready to build a better Peru, the bursting wave of assent split the chains of silence and oppression to which Apra had for so long been subject.

For three years, from May, 1945, until October, 1948, the Partido del Pueblo functioned legally. It had more than a half of the deputies and almost half of the Senators after June, 1945, elections. For a few months, there were Aprista ministers in the cabinet. The party used this freedom to extend its organization throughout the country, and there was not a single little pueblo, village, or even hacienda where there wasn't an Aprista "cellula." And with this political organization it spread the cultural organization which is the insignia of Apra. Before the party was again outlawed there were more than seventy-five "Popular Universities" with thousands of students who went to them regularly six nights a week, and many thousands more students who participated from time to time. All of the activities of the Party, from its parliamentary group to the smallest village "cellula," were exceedingly well organized, with the party's activities being supervised by the central committee and its dependent bureaus, which handled every phase of work.

Overseeing and supervising all of this intense activity was Victor Raul Haya de la Torre. A man of a little more than fifty, of medium height, a little heavy, with striking Indian-like features, he is now at the height of his powers. A brilliant orator, a highly cultured man, a profound thinker, he yet has that "common touch" which makes him a great popular leader. He described his own position in the Apra movement, as that of the headmaster of a school. While the party was functioning legally, he advised each of the Buros of the party, sat in on their meetings with a voice but not a vote; attended the meetings of the parliamentary fraction of the party, again with advice but no binding vote. His day commenced at eight or nine in the morning, and didn't end until three or four the next morning. His fund of energy was so great that when in recent years he went on one of his occasional tours of the provinces he wore his assistants ragged, making speeches all day and talking with people who came to see him all night. He lived modestly, on a salary of ninety dollars a month, and didn't adopt the "airs" to which all too many popular leaders are prone.

Yet Haya and his party have been mortally feared by the reactionary landholders who are still the dominant economic class in Peru. They have fought him without quarter for more than twenty-five years, and although they had to bow before the popular wave which accompanied the elections of 1945, they did not surrender. Indeed virtually from the day the Apristas were legalized, the reactionaries—who in Peru work in close alliance with the Communist party

—have been calling for the outlawing of the Partido del Pueblo. They pressed this point of view on President José Bustamante Rivero, a conservatively-minded, though democratic man. Finally upon the occasion of an unsuccessful naval mutiny in the harbor of Callao, early in October, Bustamante was swept off his feet and agreed to outlaw the party which without doubt represents the overwhelming majority of the people of the country. Once this was done, Bustamante lost all usefulness for the reactionaries, and a military revolt of the extreme Right unseated him and drove him into exile in Argentina.

It remains to be seen just what will occur. The new regime shows some tendency to follow in General Peron's footsteps and launch a demagogic "pro-labor" program. If it does this, it may well seriously undermine the position of the Apristas. That is certainly the only way in which it could be done. Otherwise, it is virtually certain that if his enemies do not kill him first, Haya de la Torre, who has been the unofficial president of Peru for a generation, will one day actually occupy that office—and will give leadership to the whole continent in its struggle for democracy and social justice.

India's Reorientation

Ram Singh

►INDIA MUST NATURALLY appear as a big question mark to observers in the different countries of the Commonwealth. Her wish to become a sovereign republic is too well known to permit of any possibility of a compromise on that score; but equally well known is her wish to have close contact with the Commonwealth. This is precisely what causes the question mark I have referred to. The reply to the question lies in the history of this country in general and of the party in power in particular.

The Indian people as a whole are monarchist in their basic political loyalty. During the bitterest phase of our national endeavors against the British, Mahatma Gandhi, as the leader of our revolt, was not infrequently invested in popular imagination with the sceptre and crown after the departure of the British. This popular belief sprang not from any general comprehension of the political aims of Gandhi and his colleagues, but from our tradition. Nowhere in recorded history do we have any instance of republicanism. In the popular imagination even after years of moral and political tutelage by the Indian National Congress, the party in power now, a government is unthinkable to Indian masses unless based on personal sovereignty. This popular faith is matched in its extent and intensity only by the confidence of the vast masses in the leaders of the Indian National Congress; more particularly, after the assassination of Gandhi, in Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Patel.

The Indian National Congress under the leadership of Gandhi and Moti Lal Nehru, father of Prime Minister Nehru, was expressly wedded to the doctrine of Dominion Status till the end of 1928. Under pressure from the left wing, then led by our present Prime Minister, the Congress unfurled the flag of independence in December, 1929, after a tiresome and futile wait of a whole year for the promise by the British of the earlier announced Congress demand to materialize. That unleashed the flood of revolutionary republicanism, tempered only by Gandhi's overriding faith in non-violence. A whole generation of educated middle classes was brought up in the surcharged atmosphere of bitterness and frustration, rage and retaliation against British institutions and promises. But then came, as a

shattering shock, the graceful renunciation of power by the British in August, 1947. Those who could survive and master that shock most successfully were no other than the leaders of the Nationalist movement. A radical re-orientation in the attitude to Britain started taking shape. Nehru's frequent assurances of continued cooperation with Britain, which means also the Commonwealth, is evidence of that revolutionary process.

Besides the unconditional transfer of power by Britain, there are other factors responsible for the new orientation. Our industrial and technical dependence is one of them. With our population nearly as big as that of America and Africa combined, our industrial population not more than one-fortieth of our total population, and incidence of population at most points as high as 1500 to a square mile; with our vast underground riches untapped and innumerable rivers untamed, we simply cannot help depending on foreign assistance. But there is a snag here. Foreign assistance is, or has been, not an unmixed blessing; it often attaches political strings, and political India is acutely conscious of this. We would therefore prefer to go to the devil we know rather than to the devil we do not know. The devil we know is Britain whose supreme act of sacrifice in 1947 stands as a lighthouse in the ocean of our doubts and misgivings.

If the Indian leaders had not a generation-old background of conscious republicanism, which they themselves fostered under compulsion of circumstances, there would be no difficulty in accepting membership in the Commonwealth, even with theoretical allegiance to the crown. But need our reluctance to owe formal allegiance to the British crown be an obstacle to our friendly association with the Commonwealth countries? One hopes not. We need the Commonwealth and we have reason to believe the Commonwealth needs us. Common perils and common opportunities bind us together.

Foremost among the common perils is Communism: not so much its original theory as its practice under the Russians. Ever since the Communists suffered a set-back in Western Europe, they have been unusually active in Asia. As Nehru said in one of his statements to a news conference, the remarkable feature of Communist activities in Asia has been their uncompromising hostility to Socialist and semi-Socialist governments, such as Thakin Nu's Government in Burma and the Indonesian Republic. They do so not out of any desire to help the people of their own country, he said on another occasion, but "at the instance of interests outside." The threat of Communism is an international threat and can only be met internationally. That widespread

realization is another factor in favor of membership of the Commonwealth. But Communism is not just a fifth column. It is an ideology seemingly suitable to conditions of despair and poverty. An obvious action against that is an attack on poverty and despair. Positive social amelioration is the only answer to its challenge. This is where agricultural India and industrial Britain and her other partners can cooperate.

Whatever may be the constitutional outcome of the forthcoming Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London, the overall impression in India is that our pronounced republicanism and the British nation's love of the Crown can be harmonized and a new pattern for intimate cooperation evolved. Such is the general impression which Prime Minister Nehru will leave behind when he flies to London on April 19.

Regent Park: Milestone or Millstone?

Alison Hopwood and Albert Rose

► ON MARCH 30, 1949, the first two of more than one thousand Toronto families moved into dwelling units in the Regent Park Housing Project. Eight row houses have now been completed and occupied just twenty-seven months to the day since Toronto property-owners sanctioned construction of the first major rehousing project in Canadian history.

Regent Park (North), one of four re-development areas in Toronto, will, when construction is completed, include 1,056 housing units—72 row houses for large families, and 984 apartment suites of varying size. Indications are that, at present cost, total expenditures will approximate \$11,000,000.

The series of milestones thus achieved merits serious consideration by all Canadian citizens. This is the first time in our history that an entire area, designated as "blighted", is to be torn down completely, replanned completely, and in which all the inhabitants (resident on July 1, 1947) are to be rehoused. A milestone has been reached in that the entire project is being administered by the first municipal public housing authority in Canada—the Toronto Housing Authority, appointed May 12, 1947.

Rents in Regent Park are being set with the approval of the Dominion Government on the basis of the first "Rent Scale" prepared in this country for the specific guidance of public-housing authorities. Indeed, the entire project is an important indication of inter-governmental cooperation. Dominion funds will cover half the cost of acquiring the land. Provincial legislation has made possible the constitution of the Toronto Housing Authority, and provincial grants have been made towards the cost of the first fifty-six units. Municipal contributions include the remainder of construction costs and the entire rental subsidy.

This is the first time in Canada that the principle of rental subsidies has been accepted and admitted by all levels of government. The entire difference between the economic cost of constructing housing accommodation and the rent capacities of the tenants (as determined with the assistance of the "rent scale") will be borne out of the general tax funds of the municipality. Ultimately the rental subsidy will involve the City of Toronto in an annual expenditure of more than \$130,000.

A great deal more might be said in praise of this history-

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MISS MARJORIE TROTTER, M.A.

making pilot project in the field of public housing in Canada. Success of the Regent Park Housing Project is of the utmost significance in Canadian social and economic life. For those very reasons many persons interested in fostering the development of public housing in this country are now raising a series of questions about the administration of the Project and in particular about tenant relations.

In the first flush of victory following the affirmative vote at the polls on January 1, 1947, it was inevitable that attention be directed toward the actual physical construction of housing accommodation. The Toronto Housing Authority was appointed five months later and consists of the Mayor, one Alderman, and one representative each of labor, veterans, and citizens' organizations generally. Although the Authority did not have to be limited to five members, no representative of the prospective tenants of Regent Park was nominated.

During nearly two years the prime concern of the Housing Authority has been the technical and administrative work essential to the construction of the Project. No executive director has been appointed. No housing manager was appointed until February, 1949, and it was only at the beginning of this year that a member of the staff of the Department of Public Welfare of the City of Toronto was assigned the part-time responsibility of interviewing prospective tenants for the first units to be occupied.

The people of Regent Park have during this entire period received almost no explanation of the work of the Housing Authority, of the progress of the Project, and of their ultimate role as tenants. A few newspaper stories have been printed, of course, but their focus has been primarily upon the "slum conditions" which would ultimately be removed with the creation of new housing accommodation. No pamphlets or literature of any sort have been distributed by the Authority. No public meetings were called to explain the nature and purpose of the Project to the residents of the Area. Some new construction was initiated by an industrial firm and had to be stopped. A few new families moved into the area in the hope of securing new living quarters, although it is now known that they will not be eligible for admission. The residents of Regent Park have not been consulted throughout the entire process, and it is this situation to which attention must now be directed.

It should be emphasized that the rehousing of Canadian urban dwellers of "blighted areas" will involve a significant social readjustment by the new tenants. Many of the residents of Regent Park in Toronto have been home-owners and will for the first time in perhaps twenty years become tenants. Within a short time the small corner grocery store will be gone. The local "pubs" (two in number) will be torn down. Some people have carried on small businesses of one sort or another from their homes. It will be difficult if not impossible to continue them. There are, in addition, a few good solid brick homes in the redevelopment area which might serve adequately for another two decades. These, too, will be demolished without sufficient explanation to their owners.

In short, the dwellers of Canadian urban redevelopment areas will be shifted from conditions they have known, however undesirable, to a totally unfamiliar situation as tenants of a public housing authority enforcing relatively strict regulations. Their preparation for this shift in Toronto, in the first Canadian rehousing project, has been almost negligible.

Some tenants have moved in, and the first impression of Torontonians is that the rents are high. Rents in the old houses in the area averaged twenty-five dollars a month, held at that level by Rent Control. Most tenants, though

not all, have had wage increases, and, of more importance, jobs have been more readily available for all members of the family. Today, in this area, a family with two or three wage earners may be paying only 5 or 10 per cent of its income for rent. It will inevitably come as a shock to such families to be asked to pay two or three times as much for a new house. They have read in the press that Regent Park is a low-rent project, and that the rents are subsidized. It can only appear to the tenants that the "low-rent" claims are a farce, unless the situation is explained in detail. Houses that are now fifty, sixty, or seventy years old have long ago had their costs written off. A rent of twenty-five dollars covers taxes and the few repairs made, and leaves a profit for the owner. Houses built today require a substantial subsidy to rent at fifty dollars a month.

A second factor contributes to the "high" rents charged the first tenants. The buildings that have been finished to date consist entirely of houses with three to five bedrooms. These were designed for larger families, and such families, in the majority of cases, have more than one wage-earner. The result is that the first families housed are those with the larger total incomes. Hence the rents are forty, fifty, or sixty dollars a month. But these are not typical families. The majority of Regent Park families have two, three, or four persons. Many of these families are dependent on one income which may be derived from low-paid work or pensions. Such families cannot pay much in rent. It is more than understandable that they should be incensed by the rents that they hear mentioned. Most of them have no way of knowing whether the rents they will be charged will be as high. Even if the rent scale was most just, the tenants would still have cause to complain, for the scale has never been explained or discussed publicly. Some of the information published in the press has been inaccurate. All of it is incomplete.

These facts and figures about the Project are not generally known. A campaign of explanation and education is necessary to familiarize the public and the prospective tenants with the whole situation. Civic authorities have conducted a series of surveys based on personal interviews with some of the residents. In these interviews questions were asked about the size of the family, age, sex, income, rooms rented out, rent paid for the house, and so on. And in the majority of cases all these questions were answered politely, even cheerfully. The people were willing to do what they could to speed the work. The same consideration has not been returned to them by civic authorities. The emphasis has been on the new houses. Little understanding has been shown of the feelings of the people who will be moved into them. Since their chief source of information has been the daily papers, they may well have been affronted by the picture painted of them. Their homes have been described as slums, their children potential, if not actual, delinquents, and the whole area a centre of crime, disease, and blight. The ugliness of the worst sections has been sought out to make good stories. Little mention has been made of the home-owners who are justly proud of well-kept houses, nor of the majority of residents who do their best with old and crowded quarters. Perhaps the newspapers can be forgiven; something better must be demanded from authorities who are responsible for rebuilding the area.

Here is a community in the process of disruption by outside forces, yet no efforts have been made to assist these people to organize themselves and to bring their viewpoint to bear on the proposed changes. The group of professional social workers in Toronto bears some responsibility, for at no stage were the processes of community organization

brought into the situation. In their concern for the people living in a blighted area, social workers among others approved a rehousing development involving tremendous readjustments in the lives of many people. Gratification over the construction of housing accommodation appears to have dampened their concern. Canadian social work must be alert to the fact that rehousing does not end with the creation of buildings.

The "blow-up" has already come. The old Regent Park Ratepayers' Association (embracing more than the rehousing area) is demanding that the tenants be given a voice in the management of the Project. Delegations will wait on City Council and the Housing Authority, and a reasonable explanation of the facts will be made to perhaps two dozen citizens. Such interviews are no substitute for the far-reaching educational program which is required.

It is evident there is a wide gap in tenant-management relations. The solution lies fundamentally in the organization of a Tenants' Association, such as those that exist in British and American public housing developments. The Tenants' Association is considered by the housing authorities of other countries as the spokesman of tenant opinion.

The place of such Associations in housing management is being widely discussed today in England. From long experience with public housing it is recognized that these associations are of vital importance. A recent article* suggests that . . . "devolution of many management questions to tenants may be both desirable and practicable." Consulting tenants on rents, regulations, and repairs is considered advisable by some English housing managers. In addition, "open discussion leads to a very much better understanding than a private explanation by the housing manager to each tenant."

Let's not start Canadian public housing with methods that are already proved inadequate. Authoritarian management in public housing can be more demoralizing than the blighted surroundings from which the people are removed. Public housing concerns every aspect of the lives of the people who live in it. It can only be successful if the tenants participate as fully as possible in the management.

Sub-Arctic Seasoning

John Nicol

IV.

► IS IT REALLY that cold in the Arctic? Well, Sister, if I could see any immediate percentage in it to me, I'd tell you some tales—yes, indeed. But, since it doesn't serve to lure you nearer, I'll stick to the facts and admit I've been as badly off during a winter in central Saskatchewan; of course, that was prior to the present government there taking office. Occasionally, new low temperatures are recorded elsewhere, but the most consistent cold is experienced in the Eastern Arctic area that stretches from Pond's Inlet to Chesterfield Inlet and from King William Land to Southampton Island, where the average is 25°F. It does become a little wearing.

We get the sun bringing the land to sparkling light at noon and trailing long shadows along the snow: the air is clean and clear and crisp with frost. Only veterans of Civil Service are capable of doing nothing patiently and well, so the energy of novices takes us to whistling-up the dogs, settling into parkas, and striding off down-wind over drifts packed pavement-hard, our footsteps ringing. There

is exhilaration and delight in the day—until a draft becomes apparent between hip and calf as the trap-door in the under-woollens slips its fastening button: the stoic will stride on, others squirm in the insidious chill, then go on too.

At the turn-about mark, there is a minute to watch the dogs snuffle after lemmings: "Meatball" burrows to his shoulders under the crust, while "Snowball" (feminine) yaps noisily behind. Then the problem rises to choose the tacks back to quarters that will avoid head-on encounter with the biting wind; these details are important. The return route leads along the frozen, drifted surface of a stream, whose summer current sliced deep banks which now give shelter. To judge from tracks of dogs and sleds, the natives figure these things too when travelling from their camp to trap-lines farther inland. Protected though it is, deep pools of cold still hang in the eddying air, almost visible against the blue rim that is the northern night, banded above with rose reflected from the setting sun. Frost forms where breath touches, until the myopic adventurer places clouded spectacles in an inner pocket, then winds his scarf still higher over the nose. The consequent deficiency in view effectively concludes the descriptive passages of this report.

Striking across the flattened air-strip, exposed fully to piercing wind, one huddles even deeper into clothing, flesh creeps close on bone, and appendages shrink so at threat of frost-bite they need later be recovered with a button-hook. Manufacturers of athletic supports for men have still an unexploited market open to their products. Purveyors of remedial exercise in gymnasiums should concentrate on correcting "Sub-Arctic Stance"—the crab-like, head down, sidling shuffle adopted to expose the least amount of surface to the blast and likely to become habitual.

So why is all this going on anyway? We're watching the weather brew: for a price. With stations located throughout the north, the federal Department of Transport, Air Services Branch, Meteorological Office monitors the progress and path of air masses journeying about this part of the world; the intensity and position of these warm or cold fronts determine each day's conversation piece in places farther south. But, if the average taxpayer realized what it cost to read his favorite line of type on the front page of a newspaper, probably he would vote right then for taking a chance instead on the *Farmers' Almanac*.

The station here is equipped to observe and report present weather at this point. It is equipped also to release midget radio transmitters attached to hydrogen-filled free balloons and with them to take soundings of the upper air, determining pressure heights, temperature and humidity to levels up to thirteen miles above the surface. Stations elsewhere are more fully equipped and manned to track these instruments in flight and from that to plot wind speed and direction at varying heights. The information acquired twice daily by these means is forwarded by radio for inclusion on the continental teletype circuit that stretches a tentacle north to Churchill, Manitoba. The forecasting staff in regional offices everywhere then plot the accumulated data on their maps for the benefit of the general public and its services. Though competence in the craft increases every year, so many factors must be considered in making every forecast that the weatherman's watchword still remains "Probably . . ."

Who fills these jobs in northern stations? Mostly men who need a little ready cash and don't object to a solid year or so of earning it. As in most government agencies, the pay is not uproarious; but with no place to spend anything it is bound to accumulate. What are the qualifications? Well, roughly, literacy and a fair share of your original teeth will get you through. Interested young men, there-

*Sharp, M. L. "Management Today: The Part of the Tenants' Associations." *Quarterly Bulletin*. Society of Housing Managers. London, January, 1949.

fore, should write to Mr. L. J. Sobieski, Meteorological Office, Bloor Street West, Toronto: it's an experience one won't forget—and that's an ambiguity too. Just mention my name—it gives me credit toward a replacement sometime next summer. But now, excuse me, I must go to quiet hysterical laughter in the next room . . .

O CANADA

"The I.O.D.E. has been tried in the fire of three wars, and in the intervening years of peace, and now stands in Canada, an organization united of purpose and of one mind," Mrs. C. L. Brown said. "Surely it can be no random hand of chance, moving down through recent years of the British Empire's history, that brought the I.O.D.E. into being for this hour. Freedom is now in a grim race against time. Who knows? It may be I.O.D.E. influence, to a greater degree than we realize, will prove the deciding factor in the delicate balance of human destiny." (Toronto Star)

Guest speaker at the luncheon [of the Victoria Lions Club] was Maj. H. F. Tasker-Taylor. He explained how modern or "abstract" art came into being and denounced it as an "interpretation of madness." Maj. Tasker-Taylor related that these so-called artists do not just paint for the love of painting, it is their livelihood. He urged art enthusiasts to stop buying such productions and then the practice would rapidly discontinue. (Victoria Times)

School Board Bans Sex Behind Closed Doors

(Headline, Globe and Mail)

As a member of the Provincial Women's Advisory Committee of the Progressive Conservative Association, Mrs. [J. M.] Campbell will be a delegate to the provincial party convention . . . She has always been a follower of the Progressive Conservative party. "Both my parents were strong Conservatives," she says, "and I just didn't know anything else." (Toronto Telegram)

EDMONTON, March 8 (CP)—Retail lumbermen of western Canada contended Monday the dominion government is "wasting money" on home-building and that private enterprise can, if permitted, build adequate low-cost homes. (Winnipeg Free Press)

VANCOUVER, March 23—(CP)—Increased corporation taxes in Finance Minister Abbott's budget are "unfair double taxation" hitting the "little fellow," Henry G. Birks of Montreal, president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, said here today. Corporations are owned by small shareholders, he said. "And Canada hasn't even realized it yet." (Ottawa Journal)

QUEBEC, March 23—(CP)—Opponents of Quebec's margarine ban are "exciting appetites they cannot satisfy," Hon. Laurent Barre, Agriculture Minister, said here yesterday. "The farmer has the right to be treated as a man. I am in favor of a salary fair for a family and permitting it to live but not to pay for vice, the cinemas and evil amusements," said the Minister. (The Montreal Daily Star)

HAMILTON, April 18 (Staff)—The business of giving the school child milk is a carryover from the days of the depression, according to Trustee Charles D. Clarke in criticism of the policy of giving undernourished children milk daily. The sooner it is discontinued the better, he thought. (Globe and Mail)

Easter time, 1949. Once you have risen to the epicurean heaven of sheer joyous enjoyment of delicious, tasty, satisfying quality meat . . . nothing less is acceptable. (Circular letter of a Toronto grocery)

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to Margaret Newcombe, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

SAMPLE COPIES

We will be glad to send sample copies of this issue to your friends. Subscribers are invited to send us five names and addresses.

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► THIS SPACE, in January, set down that "It is a safe guess that not a fifth of the fictional pieces printed by Canadian magazines are of Canadian origin. . . ." Two editors have now pointed out that my guess was not only unsafe but definitely erroneous, so far as their journals are concerned.

Mr. R. S. Kennedy, Editor-in-Chief of the *Family Herald and Weekly Star* (Montreal), points out that in 1948 approximately 71 per cent of the short stories published in his magazine were by Canadians, while "of the twenty stories already run or scheduled for 1949, fifteen are by Canadian authors. Of the last ten serials we have published," he goes on, "five were by Canadian authors."

Mr. W. O. Mitchell, Fiction Editor of *MacLean's*, says that 46 per cent of that magazine's fiction content is Canadian. Further, he insists that the best stories reaching him are invariably by Canadians.

We are happy to make this correction, and to learn that, at least so far as these two publications are concerned, the situation is not as black as we painted it.

* * *

Comedy effloresces so rarely in Canada that any attempt, however abortive, to rear this fragile, tricky, and undigested flower on our frigid northern air is worthy of notice.

For two weeks now (this is written on April 18), on Tuesdays at 8.00 p.m. on the Dominion Network, the CBC has perpetrated an allegedly comic half-hour called *Keep in Touch*. The verb and adverb above are chosen deliberately but not maliciously. Not maliciously, for I would have been delighted to spend two half-hours in helpless, guffawing ecstasy; deliberately, for I did spend those periods in bewilderment, disappointment, and frustration.

Disappointment and frustration because *Keep in Touch* started very little above the bottom and sank rapidly; bewilderment because it should not, need not, have done so.

Keep in Touch features, as writers and actors, such luminaries of Canadian radio drama as Lister Sinclair, Don Harron, John Drainie and Eric Christmas, and before the microphones these four have several competent assistants. However, the old chore of getting blood from a stone is as nothing beside the unrewarding task of milking laughs from a radio script which has no humor, and this latter is the impossible labor to which the cast of *Keep in Touch* seems to have addressed itself. Perhaps this is a little unfair; the first episode did contain a few mild chuckles, but against that we have to set the second script—a work so desolately arid, so downright repulsive and unfunny, that it might have emanated as a public service feature from one of the private radio stations.

Now, of the four gentlemen listed above, Mr. Sinclair has demonstrated, often and adequately, that he can manufacture humor of fair to high quality, and that he does recognize a laugh when he sees it on paper. Mr. Harron and Mr. Drainie have demonstrated, often brilliantly, their abilities to put over anything which is in the script before them. Mr. Christmas has demonstrated a certain ability in a much more limited field.

Consideration of these facts, and of the two episodes heard, leads at once to the conclusion that *Keep in Touch* is not making the best use of its available talent. "Spheres of influence" and authority should be re-allocated, so that

the scripts are written, or at the least approved, by someone who recognizes humor when he sees it. I do not suggest that the show should be dropped, because this is a field which should be explored, exploited and developed, at whatever cost to the listener, but perhaps it might be suspended until an ample back-log of sure-fire scripts is in hand.

Now and then one feels that the CBC should be more careful to let its right hand know what its left hand is doing. On Monday, March 14, at approximately 3.30 p.m., on Frank Herbert's Concert Hour, we heard Mendelssohn's G minor piano concerto. Not two hours later, over CBL and the T-C Network, we heard the first two movements of the same work.

Further, as though this duplication were not too much, both were heard in the inferior recorded performance (Victor) by J. M. Sanroma and the Boston Pops Orchestra. If this were the only recording of the work available the CBC might be pardoned, but it is not. The music has been recorded by Ania Dorfmann and the London Symphony, and this performance is easily accessible on both English and Canadian Columbia records. Even the most cursory comparison reveals that Mr. Sanroma is little better than a stumble-bum when set against Miss Dorfmann's ease, spirit, and all-around brilliance.

I suggest again, as I have done before, that the Corporation should make constant effort to ensure that we hear the best recordings of the standard works. We do not; we hear Victor records so often, however inferior their performances or recording, that one sometimes wonders (despite a marked reluctance to suggest such a thing in relation to the CBC or its employees) whether there might not be what is vulgarly called a saw-off somewhere.

* * *

We are happy to report (with the hope that representations made in this space may have had a little to do with it) that the CBC has raised its rate for stories read on Canadian Short Stories to fifty dollars per story. Also that one story of almost half-hour length was recently heard on this series, and that at least two more of this length have been scheduled. So far there has been no indication that the same treatment will be accorded the Bernie Braden stories.

The Buster

W. R. Frost (SHORT STORY)

► THE CARBIDE LAMP threw a dull light down to the floor of the mine at Bob's feet. He plodded heavily, well stooped over to clear the roof, along the wooden tracks. With each step his body jerked and his head bobbed, throwing the glow of the flame rhythmically up on the clay close to his back and shoulders and then down flatly to the ties upon which he was walking. Ahead of him, beyond the blackness and between the musty upright props, another light moved. But this one was timed to the sound of heavy quick picking. The two lights tried to reach each other along the wetness of the roof and over the high slack pile, throwing the shadows of the props like flickering fingers at each other. Bob clumped on. It was quiet and rather pleasant here when contrasted with the harshness of the winter above ground. The air was fresh enough to let the carbide lamp burn fairly well, and free of smoke still until the afternoon's shooting would begin. Bob was thinking about his shot, hoping it would be a good one. His coal had been tight the last few feet, and hard going. If this buster would only clear the bottom seam out to the next face he could get six or eight cars out of it and then mine the top

coal, or perhaps split through it and knock it down with top shots in either corner.

"Well, hell, things never go that smooth. I'll just have to bull my way through and burn up more damn powder."

The lights had reached across the roof and the sound of picking had stopped. Bob had come to the working face in his room and there, waiting for him, was his helper. Gus was discouraged, slouching on a block of coal. He scrunched his foot in the slack, splashing water. It was inches deep across the floor.

He screwed his black face up at Bob.

"If that tin-horn capitalist doesn't put a little punch in the pumps soon our chins will be scratching water; and we're still going down hill," Gus said. He started to roll a smoke, swearing carefully. "When I get my papers, Bob, I'm gonna get the hell out of here. If I gotta be a gopher at least I can pick my hole. And that's gonna be where they've got a union. Jeezes look at it, water you can swim in, the roof just waiting to smash your head in, lousy air, wooden turn-tables. And if you squawk you get stuck in another room, just as dirty and maybe worse."

Bob agreed with him, but not enthusiastically. He remembered that he had spent some time in a union mine and hadn't enjoyed it. That had been the only time he had worked away from the town he grew up in, and he had been glad to come back. He took a chew of Copenhagen into his underlip and spit the scraps out of his mouth. He started to sharpen the auger and calculated with his eye where he would drill the shot hole to get the best effect. Gus had been looking at him, watching his hands and his big body. Bob was an efficient worker and his deftness and muscular vigor combined so gracefully that even the rough movements required by his work were given a fluidity that was pleasant to watch. Gus began to make the dummies they would use to tamp the shot in, glancing over the news before he rolled the paper into the appropriate shape. Then he filled the forms with clay. Bob had finished boring the hole and after he had prepared the powder pellets and the fuse, he pushed these into the far end and tamped the hole solidly full with the dummies of clay Gus had made. He worked very quickly, for he wished to shoot again, if necessary, before the afternoon was over.

This was the busy season. Normally the empty cars were allocated evenly among the miners. Now, however, everyone could load as many cars as he was able. Bob was considered to be the most powerful worker among the men. He was proud of his leadership and would extend himself, if necessary, to maintain it.

After lighting the fuse Gus and Bob crawled into a cross-cut about a hundred feet from the working face. Bob was listening for the sound of the shot, so that he could tell how effective it had been. When it came the blast of air blew their lights out. Bob grunted. "That won't be any damn good, it wasted itself." They plodded through the smoke, poking their lights forward through the haze, and peered at the coal face, standing close against it and moving among the props. The shot had splintered the coal but had not moved it free. Bob rang the coal with his pick, it struck hard and solid. Gus was turning around to walk out for it was so smoky that little could be seen.

Bob said, "Bring in an empty, Gus, and I'll start mining this out. It's a poor shot but we have to get it out."

Bob had to work very hard to pick out and clean up for the evening shots. His body steamed through his woollen shirt. He drove himself but he did not get tired. His concentration on his work excluded other things. He took the

perfect functioning of his body for granted. He judged only what had to be done, not thinking it necessary to consider whether or not it could be done. He was not surprised when, at the end of the day, his room was in as good condition as if the shot had been successful. He placed two top shots and put the tools away. The fuses were lit and after the shots went off he picked up the empty powder kit and, with Gus, walked up the slope and out of the mine.

Before going home the miners gathered in the shack above the pit. They sat down for a smoke and then put on their mackinaws and mitts and walked together towards town. There were eight of them and they joked with each other and talked as they went along. They walked rapidly, for the wind was cold and sharp against their sweaty bodies, and the town was over a mile away.

For several years now, Bob had been carefully following a body-building program, and he was still joshed about it a good deal. These exercises had produced such excellent results in him though, that he could take their joking equably. Gus told a story about a party he and Bob had been to before Bob had married. Later in the evening they were having lunch at one of the girl's homes. Both of them were a little drunk. Gus said that Bob had stripped to show the girls his muscles, "and by God, he had one of them tiger skins on you see in pictures. Do you wear it down the mine too, Bob, in case the boss's daughter comes around?"

Bob said, "Hell no, fellows, I took that thing off the day I got married."

Everyone laughed. Bob had married Maidie, a local girl, three months ago. The marriage had been performed abruptly and she was now already thick through the waist. Such affairs were not unusual in the district and were not condemned. People, it was thought, got married sooner or later to some one or other and raised children.

Bob turned off at his cottage and waved good-night to the men. Maidie, a large rather small-busted woman, opened the door for him. She talked to him while he took off his coat and shoes. She asked him if he'd had a good day. He told her about it as he wrote down his tally, the number of cars he had loaded, the amount of powder he had burnt, and the total up to date of each for the week. She said that the Johnsons were coming over to play rummy after supper. Bob washed himself and then set the table. Maidie said that he was certainly a good man around the house, and smiled at him. Bob said, "I think the potatoes are burning," and moved them off the fire.

The Johnsons arrived while Maidie and Bob were still at the table. They talked for a while and then piled the dishes and played rummy. They decided to stake five cents on each game to keep it interesting. Maidie won thirty-five cents and was quite pleased. She said that she was going to save up for a permanent. She sure needed one, she said. Johnson asked Bob if it were true that the deep mines would have to close up if the government stripped coal for the farmers. Bob thought that the stripped coal wasn't good enough to keep a building warm and that the farmers would soon find it out. Maidie said that she didn't win at cards very often, she must have been quite lucky.

Before going to bed, Bob went through his exercises. He stripped and stood before a full-length mirror so that he could watch the action of his muscles as he exercised. No contrivances were used, the course was based, the booklet claimed, on a natural dynamic muscular competition. Bob worked, breathing easily, until he perspired, watching himself closely. He thought his legs were too bulky. They were out of proportion and he would try to reduce their size. When he was finished for the evening he took his measure-

ments with a tape and wrote them down in appropriate columns in a book he kept for that purpose.

At one time Bob had tried to convince Maidie that she should exercise too. He was afraid that pregnancy would make her go flabby and ruin her figure. He was sure that if she followed his directions he could keep her in tip-top shape and even, he promised her, make childbirth painless.

Maidie said that with two such parents it was more likely the baby would come out doing push-ups, which would not be comfortable for any one. The idea amused her. She teased Bob with it when he became serious, but to please him she would join occasionally in the deep-breathing exercises. She liked to feel her breasts, now swelling to fullness, stretch and tighten over her expanding chest. Bob would say, "Now Maidie, you're just yawning, you have to try harder than that." She finally gave it up altogether and would lie in bed and watch Bob as he went through his routine in the mornings and evenings. She thought it was all a little silly if your appetite was good without it.

The cottage they were living in was not yet completely finished. Bob started it after his marriage and had as yet finished only two rooms. He had winterized these and added a lean-to, planning to build on other rooms in the summer, so that finally they would have a pleasant bungalow. Maidie had helped him with the plans, and had decided where the sink and the cabinets and so on should be placed. She liked to watch him work, and would stand around and talk with him while he hammered. These afternoons were often agreeable, and Bob would tell her that soon, perhaps in one or two years, when their cottage was finished, he would spend a summer driving a coal shaft and then they would have a mine of their own. Or he would talk about their child, and say that they would have to bring him up right. Or about how long it would take to finish the rooms, and if they would be done before the snow came. When Maidie was unresponsive Bob felt irritated. She seemed to like everything, but this meant nothing, he thought, for she was so often indifferent. She was content to let him talk, but didn't seem to listen to him. He thought she was unresponsive because she was pregnant, women are strange at these times, it would be different afterwards.

By the time the winter's mining was over Maidie was very big. She wasn't bothered, not being often sick, and idled about the cottage comfortably. She was astonished at her size, not used to it, and occasionally swept a cup and saucer off the table as she turned around. But the last month was difficult. Bob stopped building so that he wouldn't annoy her with the noise, and took over the household duties. Maidie was a good patient, she would lie on the couch and watch Bob as he moved about.

Following the baby's birth Maidie rested, waiting for her strength to come back. After the initial surprise she had adjusted quickly to her new dimensions. Without its ballast her body felt itself again. The process that was child-bearing she remembered vaguely or not at all. It had been a vague occurrence, an unusual thing, difficult to cup in one's hand and look at. It had not happened to her. It was neither eating nor sleeping nor the other things that filled her days and nights. She forgot it. It passed out of her memory. And with the dream that was childbirth behind her, she slipped loosely into the life that was about her. The successive days as they passed merged into one another. A wide dilute comfort surrounded her. For now and ever it seemed, she had her husband and her house. If there was anything she didn't want to do she needn't do it. Independence made Maidie pleasant and happily she watched Bob build the extra rooms on the cottage, paint, care for the garden.

That summer Bob had an opportunity to open up a mine for himself. He had arranged to use some land about four miles from town, not far from a main road. The Bank had offered to advance him the money for his rolling stock on a percentage basis of his returns for the first five years. He was excited at the prospect and told Maidie about it. He said that this was just what he wanted, he hadn't hoped it would happen so soon. Maidie said she thought it was nice. She hoped they wouldn't have to move.

Bob spent long hours digging at the shaft that summer. His test holes had shown promise. The coal was about fifty feet down, and the seam was from four to five feet thick. As the summer advanced Bob decided that he couldn't finish by himself. He asked Gus to help him. They drove the slope in from the side of a hill, built the tippie and a rough road. The day they first hit the coal seam, while digging the slope, he carried a sackful home on his shoulder and burnt it in the stove. It was in the summer, Maidie thought it was too hot to have a fire on. She walked outside and sat on the shady side of the house. The coal burnt as well as any produced in the district, Bob thought, and had many favorable features. He decided to call his mine the "Little Ash" mine.

When Bob began to drive entry, and open up rooms for the miners he planned to hire, he found that the roof was not good. It was soft and wet and dropped easily even when closely propped up. If a shot knocked out a few props, the roof was sure to fall. He thought that this condition was perhaps only very local and would clear up when the workings were more advanced. One afternoon, Gus was knocked over by a small cave. His back was badly bruised and he had to stop work for a few days. Before Gus returned a major cave-in occurred at the bottom of the slope. A large hole extended into the roof over the mound of stone and clay on the track to a distance of about ten feet. Bob could not tell how far back the cave-in extended. When he clambered up on the pile to see if he could get over it and look at the rest of the workings, he could hear ominous noises farther along. The major part of his tools and equipment were locked in behind the blockage. He tried to clear up the dirt and carry it out of the cave. He was sorry that he hadn't boomed the roof up solidly as he would have done if he had thought it necessary. He decided to go on inside.

He had to crawl on his hands and knees to get on between the roof and the loose dirt that had fallen from it. The passage was uncomfortable and so dangerous that he would not have done it under ordinary circumstances. He squeezed his way along stopping now and again to see if he could flash his light to the end of the rubble. He climbed through finally. He heard more roof drop farther in the workings. A prop cracked. The props were taking weight, there must be a water slip somewhere above, Bob thought. He ran on, he wished to get his tools out, but he was afraid, he stopped and turned. The complete silence underground, the clammy feel of the air, the pitiful comfort of the feeble glare of his carbide lamp, isolated him. It seemed to him that his lamp was going out. Could it be, he wondered, that the air was bad too. Perhaps the air shaft was plugged. He was a damn fool to be here. He could be trapped in a minute. He poked his light at the roof above his head. He left the mine as it was and returned to town for help. But the roof continued to come down, and the mine proved unworkable. When he told Maidie about it, she said that it was too bad. After a while she said that it was lucky he wasn't in it when it happened.

Bob spent more time at home now. Working only eight hours a day he had time to finish up the bungalow and to

do odd jobs that Maidie suggested. The baby was often quiet and when the sun was warm Bob would wheel it in its carriage to where he was working. The baby would watch him as he worked, quietly moving its eyes, accepting the scene and his own vigor. Bob felt eerie, he would try to make the baby move, or yell. Sometimes he would pinch it, to see if it could feel anything at all. Just like Maidie, he thought. He would frown when he saw the rash spreading over the baby's legs and stomach. Sometimes he would talk to Maidie when he washed the baby's scalp clean again. He was intently aware of his own discontent. He would like to pinch Maidie too, he thought, he wondered if she would jump or scream. He didn't know how he could get her to do the things he wanted her to do. With both of them, Maidie and the baby, it was like walking among fat shadows. It was like the feeling he sometimes had down the mine when he was all alone. He would shout, and the darkness would move with the noise and swallow it and close around him again. The shattering isolation, the lost dismayed feeling, the hint that life had dissolved itself, this is what he thought he felt with his child and with Maidie. Should he pour hot boiling water on them a drop at a time, would they move then, would they do anything?

In the evenings when he tried to stem the tide of weeds that surged in his garden, sometimes he would stop and look through the window at Maidie who would be lying down, dreaming perhaps or doing nothing. And he would feel bewildered. He would look around where the weeds were growing, the careless competition of the garden. And there, just there without any effort, sat the house. In the sun a cat stretched, licked its fur, and walked away. At night Bob did his exercises until sweat stood out on his skin, and the blood was warm in his body. Carefully with a tape he took his measurements and noticed that now his calf muscle had lost enough. He went to bed planning out the next day, calculating his chances to start out on his own again. Beside him, soft-fleshed Maidie looked at him happily. She stretched and smiled and put her hand flatly on the small of his back.

One night Bob came home drunk. It was late, but Maidie had the baby up. She was crooning to it as she rocked it. In the sink, the dishes were unwashed. Crumbs were on the table and bread and jam and butter. Bob stood and waited, swaying in the doorway. Quiet breathing stretched out through the room. The air moved, the room moved, Bob moved, with these slow movements of his wife's body. Freshly painted furnishings reflected back flecks of light. Bob's eyes touched on bric-a-brac and order, at things he'd done and things he'd yet to do. He felt the warmth of Maidie's breath about him. She smiled and looked at him as if she'd said hello. The baby blew its breath between its lips and spluttered, then settled back and rubbed its head against its mother's stomach.

Bob turned and swayed and started for the sink. One by one he washed the dishes and stopped to stir the scum that floated on the water. A platter kept its grease. He picked it up and turned it round. Attentively he looked at it and let it fall. He dropped the dishes one by one. They smashed upon the floor. He washed them clean and dried them and dropped them on the floor. A cup he clenched his fist about he threw upon the littered floor. He grabbed a shelf above the sink and tore it off the wall. Maidie picked the baby up and left the room. He held his breath, then swore, and hit the wall. His knuckles bled. He took an axe and chopped a chair to little bits, and whittled on the wood. Then with his tape he noted down his measurements. He closed the book, then tore it quite in half, and walked out into the night.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► FOR SHEER ENTERTAINMENT, and nothing else, the Somerset Maugham film *Quartet* should be awarded a shiny aluminium Oscar. In spite of its concern with the surprising vagaries of human behaviour, it will neither bore you nor instruct you, but leave your mind clean as a whistle, with very little to discuss afterwards but the cleverness of Maugham and the magnificent job of casting in all four stories.

How adroit Maugham is, to be sure, and how subtly he flatters his audience with a pleasant sense of immunity. How delightfully he ticks off the stupid, the selfish, and the shallow among our acquaintances, without ever having the bad taste to confront us with ourselves. His first story is what passes with Maugham for a *jeu d'esprit* about an English lad, all Adam's apple and gaucherie, who goes to Monte Carlo for the first time alone, disregards his father's advice to avoid gambling, lending, and women, and returns home none the worse for wear and a hundred thousand francs or so to the good. The second, which I should have preferred to have seen third, concerns the unattractive scion of a *nouveau riche* family who shoots himself when he is told by a distinguished pianist that he is no genius. This story is generally held to be the weakest of the four, but it struck me as the most interesting, although the least successful, of the lot. This is because, for once, the audience is allowed to draw its own conclusions about the boy's motives. Taken straight, the story is feeble and meaningless; but if we allow ourselves to speculate a little, we can perceive at least two possible interpretations. One: the boy's whole life is made up of romantic gestures, including his interest in music, his defiance of his family's City ambitions for him, and his suicide—a typically Maugham picture of a fool; and two: the boy is not a fool at all, but a realist, who sees that an ordinary man cannot escape his environment, and makes a wild and hopeless gamble on the chance of being a genius, the only form of eccentricity which he knows might pay, and kills himself when the return to his impossible family seems inevitable. It is unusual for Maugham to allow his audience so much leeway. Incidentally, my musical friends tell me that the piano playing of the genius (Françoise Rosay) was technically brilliant, but lacked the soul and fire which she declared was essential in an artist, and denied to the young amateur; I personally find it difficult to distinguish between flash and fire in movie music, anyway; and there is the possibility that the genius was intended to be a phony too, although this would certainly seem to overload the tale with ironic significance. In any case, Rosay's acting is magnificent.

The third story is about young 'Erbert, who loved to fly kites, his vulgar octopus of a mother, and his silly young wife, who thinks kite-flying an adolescent pursuit, and tries to break him of it; and the fourth about a Colonel Blimp type whose wife writes a book of passionate poetry, hits the best-seller list, and introduces the Colonel to the unaccustomed emotion of jealousy. The final story approaches, and then evades, the question of human loyalty in personal relationships, when the wife explains that the lover for whom she wrote was none other than the Colonel himself, when presumably he was merely a private. . . . You may well find that the sight of Maugham's characters exhibiting genuine emotion is rather embarrassing; "corny," in fact, is the word for Mr. Maugham when he lays down his rapier; but as so many people have pointed out, scratch

a cynic and a sentimentalist moans—"I fall upon the thorns of life, I bleed."

See *Quartet*, though; it is a nice piece of movie-making.

Has it ever occurred to you to wonder whatever became of H. de Vere Stacpoole? It seems that J. Arthur Rank has disinterred him, and has made *The Blue Lagoon* into a film. And, after all these years of avoiding shipwreck-in-the-Fiji-Islands it gives me great pleasure to announce that the *Lagoon* is surprisingly good entertainment. The story is, I suppose, fairly run-of-the-mill: two children and a picturesque old Irish sailor are marooned on an island of the Fiji group, containing (beyond the usual tropical vegetation) nothing but a mouldering skeleton and a keg of rum. The sailor succumbs to the rum and delirium tremens, and the children (age nine and ten) are left to fend for themselves, with nothing to instruct them on how to behave but environment and a book of social deportment which the little girl had been reading when the fire broke out on board ship. It is not the sort of story which a critic can say much about; the kids manage surprisingly well, of course, learning to build a substantial grass house and to weave clothing for themselves (Jean Simmons turns out some marvellous stuff which I should call printed rayon if I saw it downtown); there is a ferocious underwater fight with an octopus; love blossoms between the two young people and there is presently a nice little naked blond boy playing in the sand—you know.

What the camera and the director, have, however, managed to catch is a quality which I find very difficult to define: it is connected with the imaginative life of childhood, a longing to live free and alone, or perhaps with one Man Friday, somewhere on a desert island, and implicit in it is a kind of innocence about human beings, an assumption that one would always be good-tempered and happy if one's environment were only pleasant—with sun and sea and sand, and no rules, we thought, all would be well. Seeing *The Blue Lagoon* brought it all back to me, the great good faith in oneself and one's fellow beings which disappears forever with adulthood.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► AMERICAN COLUMBIA has recently released a recording of Bartok's *Concerto for Orchestra*, one of the last works the composer wrote before his death. I played over the work carefully a number of times, not only because of an interest in Bartok's music, but because I was using a long-playing record and wished to expand on the remarks I made a few months ago on their performance. At that time I had only been playing over chamber music and expressed my satisfaction at the clarity and even the quality of the reproduction. There was, however, a certain thinness about the tone, a lack of body, particularly in the bass, that made me hesitate to make any sweeping judgment before I had listened to orchestral recordings as well. This Bartok recording has the same thinness that I observed in the quartet recordings. Perhaps it is the Columbia long-playing attachments that are at fault (or mine in particular). It may just be the particular recordings I have played. The only answer is to compare old-style and long-playing versions of the same recordings, and I hope to be able to do this shortly.

The *Concerto for Orchestra* (played by Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony) is the best work by Bartok that I have heard, more consistently interesting and inventive

than the *Violin Concerto* which I reviewed about a year ago, and less remote or narrow than much of the chamber music. The melodic invention in the short movements (two and four) is extraordinarily fresh and varied, and in the first movement not only is the material itself exciting, but the organization and working out are concise and powerful. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for the last movement, where the material is interesting only in occasional details, and the development is an inferior fugue. Indeed, Bartok's self-consciously fugal passages are frequently his weakest, despite his contrapuntal skill. But, whatever the shortcomings of its last movement, this work is among the half-dozen finest contemporary works which Victor or Columbia has recorded since the war.

The *Divertimento* which Stravinsky has arranged from his 1928 ballet, *The Fairy's Kiss*, is not one of his most important works, but it is a charming essay in his pastiche style. Stravinsky has juxtaposed, fitted together, and organized various tunes from Tchaikovsky's songs and piano music into a graceful and lively tribute to one of his favorite composers. Stravinsky himself conducts the work with the RCA Victor Symphony on American Victor.

BOOKS REVIEWED

PARTNERS IN PRODUCTION: The Labor Committee of the Twentieth Century Fund (New York); pp. 149; \$2.00.

For the past thirteen years the Twentieth Century Fund has been engaged in an investigation of labor-management relations. It has during that time published several volumes on the subject. Its *How Collective Bargaining Works* is a valuable reference work and *Trends in Collective Bargaining* a useful supplement. In this most recent volume the Fund has attempted "to formulate a new philosophy of labor-management relations on which both labor and management could agree." The foreword claims in fact that this has been accomplished.

Nearly half of the book is taken up by a review of the goals and attitudes of labor and management. It is a comprehensive, well-documented analysis and reflects expert knowledge on the part of the Labor Committee. (Both labor and management are represented on it.) The section on the goals of labor is particularly interesting and instructive and gives a good picture of the motives of the worker as an individual and as a member of the union through which he participates in collective acts.

As might be expected, the desire for security is a basic motivation. The Committee—all of whose members unhesitatingly endorse the free enterprise system—ruefully admit that "job insecurity has its roots deep in the present industrial system." Yet a few pages later the authors forget this rather significant statement and describe restriction of output among workers merely as "a symptom that something is wrong in the relationship between management and labor."

The Committee believes that there is sufficient mutuality of interest for the two parties to get along. It cites cases where practical solutions have been found. Seniority, technological change, managerial prerogatives, work restrictions, union participation in policy making, are all discussed and make good reading. However, it all boils down to the idea that union and management must understand and appreciate one another's point of view and try to iron out problems at the plant level.

The student of the labor movement or the participant in industrial relations, whether from management or labor, will

find this small book interesting and stimulating reading. The fact that every suggestion in it is predicated on the acceptance and continued existence of the free enterprise system will, however, diminish its usefulness to Canadian trade unionists who have discarded that point of view.

A. A.

GUARD OF HONOR: James Gould Cozzens; G. J. McLeod (Harcourt Brace); pp. 631; \$4.00.

As a slice of social history, well seasoned with technical and administrative detail, this book is remarkably good.

It is a play-by-play account of three hectic days on a large army air base in Florida during the first week of September, 1943. Its accounts of military equipment and procedures are plentiful and authentic, and only occasionally is the author caught, as he might say, with his flaps down. Near the beginning, for instance, the interior of a particular aircraft is described at great length—even to the readings of various instruments—and then on page 46 General Beal levels the craft off after a long climb and remarks critically, "Still hitting that headwind—I knew we must be." And Lieut. Col. Carricker, a desperate type who is the General's righthand man, says, "Yeah." Actually at this point nobody could have the slightest notion of what wind there was, and these glib observations are enough to spoil the book for a navigator.

It is obvious, though, that Mr. Cozzens has spent considerably more than three days around air bases, and that he has been busy with his notebook in the air and in most of the ground sections, especially headquarters. His notes enable him to pace the station through its routine even when the routine is complicated by such things as a suicide, an incipient race-riot, an unexpected visit by high brass, and a fly-past that ends in the drowning of a stick of paratroopers. These events and the problems that rise out of them are so real that by the middle of the book and the dawn of the third day, the reader becomes worried lest the book and the day end before there is time for the problems to be solved. However, the book proves to be long enough, and it is part of the author's intention to show that problems are never solved but only change form.

The story has no hero, but the author sees and speaks most often through Colonel Ross, an ex-judge, and Captain Hicks, an ex-editor. In addition to these two, and not counting minor characters, there are fifteen or twenty people who have important parts to play or interesting types to represent. Many of these characters are accounted for closely: their life histories are sketched in, their actions are followed throughout the story, and when they speak the author gives not only the words but the thought behind the words and even the experience or attitude that forms the thought. This heavy load of comment gives the reader a gratifying advantage over the characters, but now and then it violates one of the first principles of flight by allowing the drag to exceed the thrust.

Of the eight or ten women in the story, only one, Lieutenant Turck, is a major character. From the beginning the omniscient author takes an independent and rather unnecessary interest in her person, and before long it becomes obvious that sooner or later she must become a victim of the author's theme and the bookseller's cause.

The author's theme, implicit and explicit, is just that no man is perfect; that all men, either through ignorance and weakness or in spite of wisdom and strength, make mistakes. The wise man, then, is one who recognizes human limitations and does what he can with the tools at hand,

(Continued on page 44)

Forgotten Music

How far can music go to build a city,
To lay the concrete blocks and drainage tile,
A music of the mind, an abstract theory,
To raise the rafters or create a smile?

Among the cloistered Indonesian jungles
An unknown city died and passed from sight;
In Angkor Wat the parrot stills his chatter
From nameless fear of some eternal night.

Was it because their strings were snapped and silent,
Their reeds were banned and jungle noises came,
And death went by at dawn—a lurking terror
No priest could exorcise with spoken name?

The terror worked with prose, and beauty ended,
Until one day the sun came up and found
The cooking fires were out, the streets deserted,
As if they listened, waited . . . heard no sound.

But somewhere music waits to find a people,
Across the jungle, underneath the sky,
A mind unborn, an undiscovered poet,
Who knows that only gods, not men, can die.

Alfred W. Purdy.

About Noon

About noon
when the whistles blew with a cockscrew I came
out of the gray granary of the employment building
onto Spadina,
at that point wide as a barnyard.

Truckers were unloading chickens in crates,
red-eyed scrofular
chickens much as children there with their beaks agape
to know they would be sold with fishes out of
clearwater tubs,
hard naked as stevedore loaves and warty old vegetables.
The february sun shone typically toronto
in a trickily gutter,
made a ray in my eyes like murine, all straw
colored was the widewayed city then and a barnyard.
Over a bakery leaned a woman with a broadshawled bosom
letting her son's name fall
from the windowsill. He came then
applecheeked, coalheaded,
rushing along with his shoulders bang and check
(see, he'll grow up a character from Aucassin)
a puddle jumper and his blue
zipper jacket rushing too;
There was a down flash of a dime for bread.

I thought this was the real color of the land—
and had a Golden Goose flown over from Kensington Market
with an egg for every pousey pocket,
they were that gay.

I saw the overall factory workers through their cellar window
drink a bucket of coke
heard a joke in a strange tongue;

This was the real Canadian farm atmosphere of the golden
age
the bee the threshing where no methodist had been. . . .

There was the engine roar of the team overhead on the
barnfloor
they were drawing in
while we sailed shingles on the coldgreen horsetrough
and were children then
and as innocent of the power of horses that's a city's
harnessed power
as of that point where the quick quiet sight of sun on water
starts to make this poem.

Colleen Thibadeau.

Night Alarm

We woke at midnight when we heard the shouts
Of men, the icy sound of breaking glass,
The squeal of tires, a gathering crowd below,
And underneath a noise like wind in grass.

It lit the sky like some contagious thing,
Moved off along the river, poured beneath
The bridge—a scarlet flood that lapped the shore,
And snarled against the moon with broken teeth.

If houses have a soul, then that was lost,
I saw it float away, and twist and climb;
While at the windows smoky shapes were pressed
Of momentary ghosts concealed in time.

A frail old lady held erect by sons
Emerged, a Phoenix youth had touched and fled,
Pyjama clad, they helped her down the street,
And shadows parted, and shadows moved ahead.

Alfred W. Purdy.

South Wind

Wisdom harvested from cold,
The young directed by the old,
The perfect life, the *bon mot* spoken,
The logic of the day unbroken.

Ironic comments fit the sprees
Of triumphant Ph.D's;
Professionals can not have waste,
Sin is really lack of taste.

With height a substitute for heaven,
And form a finer thing than leaven,
Suddenly the weather breaks,
That child we had forgotten wakes.

The path is slush, and marble stains,
Committees deal with scattered brains,
Examiner turns examinee,
Winter is ruined and where are we?

Chester Duncan.

not hoping too much since he knows that "the Nature of Things abhors a drawn line and loves a hodgepodge." The theme is not startling philosophy, but is suitable to the time and place.

Though the book has many good things in it, it is not great. It is not even the sort of thing that many readers will stay up all night to finish, or will press upon their friends.

R. H. Blackburn

WORLD-PHILOSOPHY: A SEARCH FOR SYNTHESIS:

Oliver L. Reiser; University of Pittsburgh Press; pp. 127; \$3.25.

By this tract, the author exhorts all men to join a movement to fashion one body of knowledge, to forge a uniform culture and a unified society embracing humanity. The charm of such an appeal is shown by the success of Hitler, Rome, and Marx. Hitler called for "Ein Reich, ein Volk, ein Führer." Rome offers one creed, one church, one Pope, as the one way to salvation. The Marxist calls for one world society having one class with one ideology, to be achieved by a unified working-class movement directed by one party, which decrees one party line in accord with its one true philosophy of the one course history can take. Professor Reiser is dissatisfied with a unity directed to "Aryans," to the life to come, or to the economic conditions of life. He invites to a more ambitious and far more inclusive unity. He calls for integrating all sciences into one philosophy, welding the knowledge of nature with the knowledge of man, unifying seeking for truth with the controlling of social change, amalgamating science, art, religion, politics into one culture, joining all nations, creeds, and races into one society. Under one world government, overall planning will be combined with decentralization, individual creativity with security, and order with constant progress. Thereby humanity will evolve a "World Brain" and grow into one organism in which the hopes and strivings of all mankind will find their consummation.

Feeling that humanity is doomed unless it achieves such all-embracing synthesis, Professor Reiser is concerned to rally men to it, largely disdaining to discuss whether it is desirable, practicable, or intelligible. Since truth is one and the same for all men, he argues that there is but one way to truth ("the scientific method"), and one use for truth—the integration of all activities, phases of culture, peoples, societies, and cultures into that one which is alone in accord with "the truth." This panacea, reminiscent of Comte, he calls "scientific humanism." Like a dream, this bold flight of the imagination envisages the fulfilments of all longings, regardless of whether they are compatible or possible. Like a nightmare, it annihilates all that is distinctive of different human pursuits: confusing the search for truth with acting intelligently, truth about one matter with truth about another matter, propaganda with knowledge, religion with politics, artistic creation with scientific investigation.

Douglas P. Dryer.

THE GREAT TRADITION: F. R. Leavis; Clarke, Irwin (Chatto & Windus); pp. 266; \$3.25.

Dr. Leavis sees as The Great Tradition in the English novel those strands which connect Austen, George Eliot, James, Conrad, and (surprisingly) D. H. Lawrence. In the work of these five, perhaps especially in the first four, you have the qualities of a classical novel, "which combines a perfection of 'art' in the Flaubertian sense with an un-Flaubertian moral strength and human richness." An insistence on the moral preoccupations of novelists will be disconcerting to some readers, but Dr. Leavis is very convincing in applying this requirement to his three main

studies, George Eliot (on whom he writes superbly), James, and Conrad. In the midst of the confused enthusiasm of modern reviewers who find "undiscovered classics" and the "greatest novels" almost anywhere, he reminds us wisely that words like *amusing*, *unusual*, *bright*, or *charming* are not enough. Each of his choices has an "adult" interest, a fine maturity. This splendid requirement, however, must pay for its emphasis in an apparent misinterpretation of Austen, in an underestimation of Fielding, and in a blindness, I would suspect, to the worth of novelists like Christopher Isherwood. But he's right in general, isn't he? The first-rate novelist should be interested not only in how men live, but in what they live by.

Even if this general thesis bothers you, you can certainly benefit by the clever, sometimes wonderful, analysis of long passages (for a change) from selected novels. Here the author's sensibility and control are beautifully apparent.

All this is fine. Is there something else? Yes. Dr. Leavis has freed himself from most of the weaknesses of the academic viewpoint, but not from one of the most serious of them, a petulance and irritability which mar his very considerable critical talents. He is penetrating, sensitive, often brilliant. But why must he be drawn into that silly arena where reputations are destroyed by a learned wise-crack and where wisdom is worn professionally?

Chester Duncan

THE PEOPLE KNOW BEST: Morris L. Ernst and David Loth; Public Affairs Press; pp. 169; \$3.25.

The authors of this little book are worried by near-monopoly in the public information industry. The few powerful voices in press and radio by sheer volume give a false impression of unanimity, and even if many are sceptical of editorials they must rely upon the big news sources for the information upon which opinion is based. This book is a plea for a continued healthy scepticism on the public's part and for self-reform of press and radio, for a renewed devotion to accurate reporting and less addiction to opinion mongering. Ernst and Loth want neither censorship nor a government radio. They are simply reminding their readers of the mass illusion of Dewey's certain victory that was fostered by all the media of news and opinion: press, radio, columnists, commentators, the polls, the newsletters. These are analyzed in turn and pre-election quotations from each are given. Many make amusing reading now although some serious and able reporters like Shirer are included as well as Liebling's delightful pen pricks at pontifical Lippmann and hysterical Pegler.

The chapter on the polls is a pretty shrewd analysis of their shortcomings, although in the reviewer's opinion it includes the common error of assuming that a small sample is likely to be less accurate than a big one. The committee of experts that investigated the polls after the election is mentioned as concluding that the polltakers were wrong in making flat predictions upon figures with a possible estimated error of as much as 4 per cent. (Actually Gallup underestimated Truman's vote by 5.3 per cent of the total.) Although this book is intended for popular reading one wishes that the authors had included a summary of the content of the committee's criticisms.

Mortley Ayeaars.

THIS WAS MY CHOICE: Igor Gouzenko; J. M. Dent; pp. 323; \$3.00.

Democratic Socialists for a long time have known intuitively that the Communist Party filled the dual role of political party and agent for the Soviet Union. Igor Gouzenko has done Canada the distinctive service of proving this fact beyond a doubt. However, the importance of his story

does not lie in this alone. The contrast of life in the distinctive political and social atmospheres of the Soviet Union and the Dominion of Canada should be noted by everyone, and socialists in particular.

The Soviet dictatorship in common with the late fascist regimes breeds and thrives on the same destructive human motive force—fear. As a youth Gouzenko learned to distrust his friends. For a while hope of personal advancement and devotion to the aims of the State made up for the absence of the ordinary decencies, but gradually the consuming power of fear destroyed this compensation. There can be no doubt of this, for he was prepared to risk his life to escape. Communist policies were aimed at a new Utopia while they achieve no more than tragic testimony to the truth that the means can destroy the end.

It is well for us to have the defects of our political and economic system always before our eyes. At the same time we should not be unappreciative of the advances which we have made in the improvement of human relationships. By failing to do so we could adopt a course of action wherein we would lose the benefits of our achievement. Gouzenko, fresh from a region of suppression, fear and hate, gives us a sparkingly clear picture of our political institutions and freedoms which we should be thankful for, even though we should be mindful of the need for improvement.

While we may unwittingly have to defend the Communists in order to protect freedom of speech or some other incident of our democratic system, we must be equally vigorous in punishing treason and sedition. The Gouzenko story should give us the determination to do this.

William Grant.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME: Ludwig Lewisohn; Clarke, Irwin (Farrar, Straus); pp. 243; \$3.00.

The Vehement Flame was first published in 1930 under the title *Stephen Escott*. Mr. Lewisohn has re-edited his novel for its recent publication, but the essentials of the original story remain unchanged; there has been only a light re-touching to create a post-war atmosphere.

The story contrasts three marriages. One, that of Stephen Escott, the narrator, is joyless and empty of all but respectability because of the middle class conventions and inhibitions which stifle spontaneity and passion between man and wife. Another achieves more spectacular tragedy when Paul Glover, a Greenwich poet who has loved his wife perfectly, murders her seducer. Only the third marriage is happy. David Sampson, Stephen's Jewish friend and partner in law, finds a wife who is wise, like himself, in the traditions and lore of the Hebrew people, and reverent with the piety of Orthodox Jewry.

Mr. Lewisohn uses these contrasts, and the rather thin story line which holds them together, to work out a study of the impact of modern American society on the relationships between man and woman, and of the personal and social implications of that impact. This theme dominates the novel, if a work which depends so heavily on argument and so lightly on story can properly be called a novel. For all things—plot, character, incident, setting—are subservient to the theme. And it may be that this should be so, but surely not so obviously as to give the work a contrived appearance, making the reader feel at times that its people are present merely to illustrate the argument. Yet the book is skillfully put together (one is constantly aware of that), and the characters, if one stops to think about them, are in all ways plausible. It is simply that the theme dominates all things always. It does not evolve from incident or character. There is no subtlety, no inference, little scope for the reader's interpretation.

But it is from that very domination of theme, impressing us as it does with the author's sincerity, that the book derives its power and beauty. For the theme is pursued with imagination and insight, and expounded with a clarity that makes its comprehension a moving and important experience.

B. W. Jackson

CONCLUDING: Henry Green; Clarke, Irwin & Co. (Hogarth); pp. 254; \$2.25.

Henry Green's new novel is in outline the story of a day in the life of an aged scientist, Rock, who at some time in the undated future lives in a tumble-down cottage on the grounds of a girls' school, as ward of the state to which in his youth he has done some service. Old Rock is a character fully-formed and recognizably human, but the beings who surround him are two-dimensional. Edge and Baker, the witch-like headmistresses of the school, determined to oust Rock from his cottage; their subordinate, Miss Marchbanks, whose eyes are "dull poached eggs of vision"; Rock's neurotic granddaughter, Elizabeth and her lover, Sebastian Birt; the unspeakable old Adams waiting in the darkness of the wood for the girls to come to him; the girls themselves in their long white dresses whirling in a fantastic waltz—these are creatures of myth and folklore. Among them old Rock, moving uneasily in a world of bureaucrats and directives, becomes himself a symbol, the embodiment of individual protest against the dictates of the totalitarian state.

Mr. Green is not, as V. S. Pritchett suggests, a dispossessed poet. Rather, he has extended the uses of poetry into the field of the novel with such effectiveness that his work cannot be dismissed as tentative and experimental. In *Concluding* he employs many of the devices of poetry, and particularly imagery, to lend color and intensity to an allegory of mankind living on the edge of darkness with nothing between it and complete spiritual negation but an old man's stubborn insistence on his "rights."

Edward McCourt

THE WASTREL: Frederic Wakeman; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 252; \$2.75.

As a popular novelist, Frederic Wakeman is quite expert at presenting amusing, often cruel studies of rich ne'er-do-well American beachcombers who have a voracious appetite for speedboats, yachts and other toys. His particular forte is *The Great American Boy* at work and play, and in a fashionable sense he is something of a moralist, although at times a rather comic and uncertain one.

In his latest book, *The Wastrel*, Duncan Bell and his nine-year-old son are ripping along in their speedboat somewhere in the South Pacific when they are suddenly thrown into the sea twelve miles off shore by a mysterious explosion which wrecks their boat leaving only a chunk of the shell large enough to support the sixty-six pound child. Fortunately, Duncan Bell knows a great deal about tides, currents and navigation which he picked up during his years as a sportsman and idler. It is the kind of specific knowledge which is his only hope in his present plight and Wakeman adroitly weaves the struggle for survival of father and son with the memories of Duncan's misspent life which keep slushing through his mind like nasty, brown bilge water.

In the end, Wakeman gaily proves the age of miracles is not past; that incidental knowledge picked up at cocktail parties and on the poop deck of cabin cruisers may yet be sufficient for our species to survive; and despite tides, winds and cross currents, civilization still has a fighting chance.

The Wastrel is riddled with literary pellets from a sophisticated writer's scatter gun but they are as annoying as shot in the tender breast of a young cock pheasant. As I read it, I couldn't help thinking of Scott Fitzgerald and that somehow I had read all this before. If it is documentary evidence of the playboy in American life we want, let us press a delicate finger to the forehead and read once again, *This Side of Paradise*, *The Great Gatsby* or *Tender is the Night*. Scott Fitzgerald miraculously preserved the essentials with a hard, glittery brilliance, with distinction, even with compassion and pity. Samuel Roddan.

WAYFARING STRANGER: Burl Ives; McGraw-Hill; pp. 253; \$4.50.

Wayfaring Stranger is the autobiography of the man Carl Sandburg calls "the greatest folk ballad singer of them all." In it Burl Ives proves that he is not only a singer but a story teller, and his stories have all the simplicity and charm of his folk songs.

Born on an Illinois farm, Burl learned his first ballads from his grandmother, and made his first public appearance at the age of five when he sang "Barbara Allen" at a picnic. A dozen years later he walked out of a class on *Beowulf* at Eastern Illinois Teachers College to become a wandering minstrel. He hitch-hiked, he rode the rods, he lived in hobo camps. Wherever he went, he sang, and he collected songs from others.

Finally he landed in New York, where he lived at International House, and studied music. After many setbacks and disappointments, he began to get small parts in Broadway shows and finally won success with his radio program, "The Wayfaring Stranger."

The book is delightful to read: full of anecdotes and vignettes that are the raw material of ballads. But, like some ballads, it's not altogether suitable for your maiden aunt. Burl writes: "Ambrose Bierce once said 'An autobiography is that which a man can write down without blushing.' I don't figure a life without blushes is worth remembering."

If you like folk songs, you'll enjoy *Wayfaring Stranger*. If you don't, you'll probably like them better after you read it. Edith Fowke.

WASHINGTON BY-LINE: Bess Furman; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 348; \$4.00.

True to the best journalistic tradition, Bess Furman has kept her ego well out of this "personal history of a newspaperwoman." For nearly ten years on the Associated Press; with the O.W.I. during the war, and with the *New York Times* since 1945, she writes with an objectivity which should delight objectivity fans, but the penalty is a certain flatness at times. The three-ringed circus of U.S. politics at election time occupies the early part of the book, in the closing days of the Hoover regime. If you have seen the film *The Senator was Indiscreet*, you will realize that it was more a factual study than a burlesque.

With the coming of the Roosevelts, the book improves with a heartening crescendo. There are some bitter sidelights on political manipulation, such as the defeat of the efforts of liberal thinkers, Republican and Democrat alike, to secure Grace Abbott as Secretary of Labor; the enemy being "the ancient, aggressive warfare of organized medicine against those in the social-work field." Washington social life is overtopped by the devotion of Eleanor Roosevelt, who endeavoured to right every wrong she encountered. The Sally Gann-Alice Longworth feud faded into a foolish memory, as Bess Furman took to low-heeled shoes in her effort to keep

up with the First Lady in her crusades. Sidelight on the inner workings of the press: when Frances Perkins resented a falsely-slanted headline, "the press retaliated all down the Roosevelt years by intermittently rumoring her resignation." It is a warmly human document, and should be studied by despondent heads of welfare organizations.

Eleanor McNaught.

THE GOLDEN WARRIOR: Hope Muntz; Clarke, Irwin (Chatto and Windus); pp. 400; \$3.25.

G. M. Trevelyan in the foreword to Canadian-born Hope Muntz's *Golden Warrior* calls her novel a "remarkable book." Readers less erudite in English history will cheerfully concur, I think, with the scholar's judgement.

Miss Muntz dramatizes the motives and deeds of the English King Harold and of William, the Norman Conqueror. As an historical novel her work is strikingly original, for it does more than satisfy the historian; it achieves a unified and cumulative artistic effect. Harold's character is complex. William, on the other hand, is unimpeded by inward contradictions; he shrewdly knows how to subjugate a piety and integrity of character somewhat like Harold's to a ruthless opportunism. Both leaders are interpreted sympathetically; and the conflict between the two, linked as it is with national as well as personal destinies, reaches epic proportions.

The gap between eleventh-century England and the twentieth-century reader is bridged by an ingenious adaptation of the style peculiar to the medieval chronicle, or, more specifically, peculiar to the consciously artistic Norse sagas, in which momentous events are recorded with massive understatement, rumors and everyday happenings are juxtaposed to matters of major importance, and descriptions of the dominant personalities are limited by the most economical selectivity. Miss Muntz modifies this pattern only when it becomes necessary to supply her readers with motivations and information less familiar to them than to the saga-man's listeners, who were contemporary with the deeds narrated. Only in the opening pages is the effectiveness of the adaptation slightly marred by excessive preoccupation with genealogies and overindulgence in poetic prose of unvarying iambic measure.

The medieval chronicler tended to interpret history theologically. Here also Miss Muntz utilizes the spirit of her prototype. Rejecting the economic determinism and the Freudian analysis of much recent fiction, she finds in Harold's sense of moral guilt an artistic justification for his tragic defeat.

Miss Muntz dedicates her novel to Winston Churchill "in remembrance of 1940." The contemporary relevance of her theme, although never explicitly underlined, will be obvious to every reader. Charles W. Dunn

HENRY VAUGHAN: F. E. Hutchinson; Oxford; pp. 260; \$3.75.

The late Canon Hutchinson's *Henry Vaughan* brings together all the available scholarship on the poet's life and work. Based largely on hitherto unpublished material collected over many years by Gwenllian Morgan and Louise Guiney, the book gives as much factual information about Vaughan as is likely ever to be disorged by record offices, probate registries, and family documents. The critic will be saved from much guesswork by this performance. But it is surprising how far the evidence of the book goes to confirm conventional and legendary accounts of such matters as Vaughan's "military service" and his late "conversion."

Canon Hutchinson takes notice of E. L. Marilla's contention that there is no sharp line of division between the

quality of the secular and the pious poetry, but he is directed, partly, one feels, by the biographical evidence to maintain the orthodox view of the matter. Similarly, while the author appraises Vaughan's reading in hermetic and occult lore, he emphasizes the degree to which this kind of influence has been absorbed and subdued by an orthodox Christianity. While such an emphasis is surely sound and provides a corrective to recent extreme opinions, much more needs to be done with the actual process of the assimilation of the occult by the Christian at the level of symbol. Of particular interest is Canon Hutchinson's tentative chapter on the Welsh poetic tradition and the mark of this tradition on Vaughan's imagery and idiom. Here a rich new vein is opened for the critic.

A full critical study of Vaughan's work remains to be done. After Hutchinson, the attempt can be made with some security.

Malcolm Ross

THE JACARANDA TREE: H. E. Bates; Michael Joseph; pp. 223; \$2.75.

Here is a novel that does extremely well the very least a novel should do; it kills time with some well-arranged excitement. The narrative concerns the flight of eleven people in two cars from Japanese-invaded Burma. Only three, the hero Paterson and a Burmese boy and girl, reach India. One feels that they deserve to get away and also deserve to come back when Burma is safe. Paterson is the only member of a small English colony who is intelligent as well as unselfish. Paterson, we know in our hearts, is too good to desert his Burmese mistress, Nadia, in the usual fashion. Nor will Paterson, it is contrived, father a Eurasian child who will suffer the terrible conflict of East and West which destroys the Eurasian girl in the book, Miss Allison. This girl's tragedy ("Still only half something, half nothing; despised by one side, not mixing with the other") could have made a novel in itself.

The bad or stuffy characters of the book such as Mrs. Partman, who wastes precious moments at the beginning of their flight by insisting on taking a last swim in the dear old swimming pool at the club; Mrs. McNairn ("Anyway they're all bone-lazy") and her lying daughter who has made everyone believe that Paterson has trifled with her affections; these people do not get to India. The scene where vultures eat Mr. Partman and Mrs. McNairn as they lie dead in their car (buffet style) is a macabre delight. The fact that the comic idiotic character, Mrs. Betterson, should evolve, under the stress of events, into quite a sensible respectable character is almost made believable.

A beautifully managed novel with something wrong about it that you can't just put your finger on. *James Reaney.*

CONTEMPORARY CANADA: A MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY ORIENTATION; Robert England; W. J. Gage; pp. 248; \$2.00.

The opening paragraph is perhaps the best introduction, not only to the book itself, but to this note.

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Tangibly, and unfortunately, the book, printed in textbook format, is hardly up to even the low Canadian average

of book-making, having been set in unusually fine type and printed on glossy paper. Intangibly, and also unfortunately, it shows a common Canadian tendency: whenever a choice is possible it emphasizes the bright side of the picture, striving always to make us seem bigger and more important than we are. The index, however, ranging from Abbott (Douglas C.) to Zinc (Zn.) lists some nine hundred items—enough facts and opinions to make this a handy and useful little compendium.

A.S.

THE DERELICT DAY: Alan Ross; Longmans, Green (John Lehmann); pp. 74; \$1.50.

These records of the first year of the occupation in Germany are, at their best, direct, clear images of what one feels to be reality, both personal and universal, and are expressed in terms of poetic truth. The only faults I would mention are an occasional ineffectual looseness of the verse paragraphs, and the too frequent over-emphasis of refrains of no particular value. On the whole, however, this is an interesting and thoughtful collection, and well worth reading.

M.R.G.

THE MACKENZIE: Leslie Roberts; illustrated by Thoreau MacDonald; Clarke, Irwin (Rinehart); pp. 276; \$3.50.

This is the first all-Canadian River in the series Rivers of America. The St. Lawrence, which was described by Henry Beston, is, after all, partly within the United States. The Mackenzie was no doubt chosen because of its connection with the famous Canol Oil project, an adventure which cost the American people more than \$400,000,000. The Alcan Highway also follows in part the Mackenzie basin so that the appeal to the American audience is obvious.

Mr. Roberts presents an interesting summary of facts relating to the country immediately surrounding the river, and gives an outline of Arctic exploration in the surrounding territory. To the reader acquainted with Canadian history, there is not much that is new, but for those who lack such background, the adventures of Alexander Mackenzie and his successors, the fur traders, the prospectors and the miners will bring to mind the strategic importance of this, the last great frontier.

Mark G. Cohen

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